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REVIEWS.

THE GRAND MUJIK.

Leo Tolstoy: The Grand Mujik. A Study in Personal Evolution. By G. H. Perris. With a Prefatory Note by F. Volkovsky. Portrait and Bibliography. (Unwin.)

BIOGRAPHIES or biographical studies of living persons are things to be deplored, because they can neither be done with complete frankness or complete knowledge. It is true that a man like Tolstoy, who has not only utilised his personal experiences undisguisedly for the purposes of fiction, but has actually written his "Confession," courts this sort of comment. But the thing is not attractive, and even if done, it may be done better or worse, and, in our judgment, Mr. Perris has done it very indifferently. The work of a religious enthusiast, more than any other, requires to be seen in a dry light, and Mr. Perris, unfortunately, has the rhetorical turn of mind. His opening chapter upon Old and Young Russia is a declamatory harangue, such as makes one instantly think of Mr. Le Gallienne's Theophilus Londonderry, or any other Nonconformist orator of the new type, who preaches a seductive gospel of faith, art, and philanthropy, blended to taste, and is inspired by a touching faith that whatever is new must inevitably be true and right. Hazy views upon the part which the Slav is called to play in regenerating Europe are adumbrated in long vague sentences, not always even grammatical, and degenerating into the cheapest clap-trap. "What epical touch is there in the life of the consumptive mill-hand of Lancashire, or in the mind of the fleshy *bourgeoisie* or anemic *dilettanti* of London?" The Russian peasant, the "simple toiler," is epical, it seems, because he is a fervent church-goer. Yet a little later on you will find Mr. Perris extolling the truth with which Tolstoy depicts the unspeakable squalor—mental, moral and physical—of these same peasants. Granted that there is an element of sublimity in the mujik's patient resignation—why not correlate these characteristics, the sublimity and the squalor, instead of setting one in false contrast with a false description of our own

people? Mr. Perris knows perfectly well that there are bourgeois in England who are anemic, *dilettanti* who are consumptive, and even mill-hands who are fleshy—and robust too, as he would discover if he went to play football with them. This trick of throwing about meaningless adjectives indicates a mind which cannot be trusted to look facts in the face: it indisposes us to accept Mr. Perris's judgment upon anything, least of all upon a religious revival in a country where he has plainly not lived. Moreover, we have it against him that he writes badly; his pages are full of intolerable pedantries, words like "externalities," or "religious synthesis"; full also of foreign words dragged in needlessly, as, for instance, *mélange*, where "medley" would have served, and sometimes dragged in wrongly, sometimes ridiculously, as in this passage: "A score of labourers . . . ran up and down the gangway bearing huge bales and packages with indescribable *verve* and earnestness." After this trait of style one was prepared for anything; but even so it was a shock a few pages further on to find Tolstoy condescendingly spoken of as "the dear fellow." Mr. Perris's book, in short, is hysterical, and as the inevitable consequence it is incoherent. Yet one may try with its help to construct some brief sketch of the life which has produced this surprising latter-day saint.

Tolstoy was born in August, 1828. His father and mother both died when he was quite young; the mother was only a sweet memory, but of his father, an ex-colonel, devoted to cards and women, he has left a distinct and unsparing sketch in his first production. This was "Childhood," written at the age of twenty-two, when he was a lieutenant serving in the Caucasus. None but a man whose mind was almost morbidly introspective would have turned in the flush of youth to this minute record of the most intimate of infancy's sensations. Boyhood passed under the care of relations, and their polished life made the despair of this uncouth sensitive boy, who was to grow up into the Levine of *Anna Karenina*. Years at the University passed in a sort of lonely Byronic gloom, haunted with aspirations after the intangible ideal of woman. The army, as it would seem to us, made a man of him. He wrote *The Cossacks* among the wild Circassian tribesmen, and, despite all its queer undercurrent of self-disdain, the book is full of air and sunshine, full of that enjoyment of sheer physical life which inspired the famous description of Levine among his mowers. Severe exercise in the open air appears to have been the best anodyne for the spiritual uneasiness and searchings of heart which at all times beset Tolstoy; and this is a fact to be remembered in connexion with his doctrine of "bread-work," which enjoins upon every man as a duty to labour with his hands. From the Caucasus the young soldier went to the Crimea, and what he saw then he set down in his Sevastopol sketches, which made his literary fame. Mr. Perris rightly notes the affinity to Walt Whitman in these studies of war seen with no halo of romance, but simply

in its naked misery as it affects the private soldier—the conscript. But for several years after his return from service his career was very unlike Whitman's. He had reputation as well as money and position, and lived in the loose ways of a man about town. It was in 1862 that he married and settled down on his estate, happy in the family life, amusing himself with sport and endeavouring to benefit his peasants, while the main work of his pen was the colossal production *War and Peace*—not completed till 1869. In 1873 he set to work upon *Anna Karenina*, and told the story of his own courtship in the greatest of his novels. To Levine's speculations upon the best way of amending social misery in the peasant folk, one may fairly look for his ideal of duty at this period. It was the duty of the more gifted to the less gifted, of a superior to inferiors; yet it did not satisfy Levine. In perfect health, happy in his family, Levine was still haunted by the idea of suicide. A passage in *My Confession* states explicitly that Levine's was not the case of a fictitious character, but a bitter personal experience: "The mental state in which I was then seemed summed up thus: my life was a foolish and wicked joke played upon me by I knew not whom." Endless speculation brought no comfort, but at length a new hope came into this troubled existence.

"Whether owing to my strange kind of instinctive affection for the labouring classes, which impelled me to understand them, and to see that they are not so stupid as we think, or thanks to the sincerity of my conviction that I could know nothing beyond the advisability of hanging myself, I felt that if I wished to live and understand the meaning of life I must seek it, not among those who have lost their grasp on it and wish to kill themselves, but among the millions of the living and the dead who have made our life what it is, and on whom now rests the burden of our life and their own."

So I watched the life common to such simple, unlearned, and poor, and found . . . that throughout mankind there is a sense of the meaning of life which I had neglected and despised. The knowledge based on reason, that of the learned and wise, denies a meaning in life; and the great mass of all the rest of mankind have an unreasoning consciousness of life which gives a meaning to it. This unreasoning knowledge is the faith which I could not but reject. . . . It seemed that, in order to understand the meaning of life, I must abandon the guide without which there can be no meaning in anything—my reason itself."

Drawn as he was to the peasant's life in itself, Tolstoy was inevitably drawn to the very soul of it—their childlike faith in Christianity. But the reason in him would not be smothered. He could not accept their creed, and his mind set to work to construct a fresh one. In his work the Gospels harmonised; he practically rewrote the New Testament, selecting and rejecting at will. The upshot of it all was a doctrine of quietism; a general precept to love all and offend no one, carried to the length of absolute refusal to resist injustice and oppression. The characteristic of the Russian peasant, his dumb patience, is elevated into the crowning virtue; and to it is added the injunction of breadwork. The division of labour is an accursed thing; we must all be

tillers of the ground, living literally by the sweat of our brows. It is a doctrine upon which the best comment seems to be Countess Tolstoy's, who refused to let her sons be turned into field labourers, saying that no one ploughs with racehorses. These two precepts of non-resistance and of breadwork, added to a wide charity, seem to sum up the practical side of Tolstoy's creed. The ideal life is that of the glorified mujik, so far as we gather his doctrine from Mr. Perris's laudable attempt to reconcile teachings as inconsistent with one another and as irreconcilable with logic as those of Mr. Ruskin.

It seems to a Western mind that Tolstoy has elevated into a general moral code the way of life which in his own case allayed the unhappiness of a strong physical nature united with an intelligence fundamentally diseased. For, let it be noted, the *Kreutzer Sonata* was written ten years after his conversion—after the new life had begun—and that work represents a morbidly exaggerated view of the part played in life by mere sexual appetite. He recommends to the civilised world a strong narcotic: he bids them drug themselves into a mental apathy, aided by stupefying toil. If that is Tolstoy's doctrine, all his practical beneficence, all the charm of his character, cannot make us accept it for other than a counsel of degradation. But so far as we understand Mr. Perris's account, it is at variance with that given by Mr. Jonas Stadling, who represents the action of Count Tolstoy not as an isolated thing, but as part of a movement. If Mr. Stadling is right, the case of Tolstoy has European celebrity because he is a great writer, not because his way of life is unprecedented. On the contrary, it seems that many of the Russian upper classes have adopted the peasant life, but not for their own sakes. Their object is not to sink to the peasant, but to raise the peasant towards them. We have no competence to decide between the two writers, but Mr. Stadling has studied Russia on the spot, and seems to us a genuine observer. Mr. Perris, as we have said, does not impress us with a sense of his perspicacity.

A LORD CHANCELLOR ON THE BIBLE.

Letters to his Son on Religion. By Roundell, First Earl of Selborne. (Macmillans.)

THOSE of us who can go back to the stirring times of 1868 will recall the consternation that fell upon the Liberal camp when the then Sir Roundell Palmer refused to follow Mr. Gladstone in his attack on the Irish Church. He was even then designed by the popular voice for the Chancellorship, had been Attorney General in the last Government of Lord John Russell, and enjoyed one of the most lucrative practices at the Chancery Bar at a time when the gleanings there were often richer than the harvest is now. Yet when long past middle-age, he gave up the ambitions of his life, and sank into the position of a private member rather than appear to countenance a wrong to the Church he loved. It was a great renunciation, but one which turned out in the end—as honesty

sometimes does—to be the best policy. His practice increased until he is said to have gathered in more fees in one year than have ever fallen to the lot of a single barrister before or since; while in the House of Commons and the country his reputation as a man who would denounce injustice even when committed in the sacred name of party rose to such a height that, when Mr. Gladstone's imperious nature led him to trample on the spirit, if not the letter, of Acts of Parliament—the Collier and Ewelme scandals rise before one as one writes—it was Roundell Palmer who was dragged from his retirement to make the best of what his followers confessed was a bad job. And when, in 1883, all ecclesiastical questions having been disposed of, and the Irish trouble not having yet risen, Roundell Palmer was given an earldom and the office of Lord Chancellor, the nation, instead of grumbling at the rather lavish bestowal of honours, only wondered that they had so long been deferred.

But, besides his proved integrity, Lord Selborne was popular for his piety. His religion was indeed just the decent, unemotional, undoubting devotion which the English middle-class—now, as always, Puritan—secretly love. Although seldom on his lips, it was always in his heart, and perhaps affected, to those who knew him, his gait and demeanour. *Vir pietate gravis* was indeed a phrase which seemed to have been written for him, and although during his life his only known contribution to theological literature was a hymn-book, none can doubt that, had he plunged into controversy, it would have been on some of the weightier points of the Christian faith. One would as soon think of a bishop dancing a jig as of the first Lord Selborne concerning himself about albs and asperges.

This little book, then, is exactly what might have been expected of the author. In the first of these letters, addressed to a son who must, apparently, have attained his majority a few years before, he uses language which savours more of the Solemn League and Covenant than of the Book of Sports. "I do not," he says, "grudge you these exercises, amusements, and pleasures, which are in themselves innocent, manly, and sociable, provided they are indulged in with moderation and in due subordination to intellectual and moral improvement"; but the main object of the letter is declared to be "the importance of a true knowledge of God, and the necessity of it as a foundation for such a life as it is my desire to see you lead." This forms a fitting prelude to the whole series, and he next proceeds to discuss in what manner this true knowledge can be obtained. It comes according to him both through the "Outward Light," or manifestation of God in Nature, and what he calls the "Inward Light of Reason and the Moral Sense." Even without revelation, he tells us, "there is, in the sensible universe around us, that which leads irresistibly to a knowledge of those attributes of God which we call Omnipotence, Omniscience or Supreme Wisdom, Omnipresence, Incomprehensibility, Infinity, and Eternity without beginning or end," and Pantheism, which would at any

rate furnish an explanation of this, he disposes of as contrary to "the common sense of mankind." As for the Inward Light or Moral Law, although he admits that it is itself a partial "revelation of God," and necessary to the understanding of Nature, yet when left to itself it is insufficient:

"The truths which the voice of Nature proclaim are inarticulate, and want definition and interpolation. The attempt to define, demonstrate, or analyse them by experimental or logical methods fails of success; and minds, which insist on experiment and logic as the only means of arriving at any true knowledge, are landed by these processes in perplexity, doubt, and disbelief."

Some further information must, therefore, be divinely given to save us, he says, from deterioration of the Will and Intellect, and can be looked for only in one place:

"The belief of Christians is that such further information has, in fact, been given, and is contained in the Holy Scriptures; and that Divine aid has also been, and is continually, given, in other ways, which the Scriptures disclose. This it is which makes the study of the Bible of so much more importance to us than any other study in the world."

Having thus laid, so to speak, the foundation of his case, the author goes to work to raise the superstructure. The Divine inspiration of Scripture he declares to be taught by the writings themselves:

"We saw that such a doctrine was generally freely and largely taught there [*i.e.*, in the Scriptures], and as to some particular matter contained in the Scriptures, stated in terms very absolute and unqualified; but yet, that there was nothing said from which it would be a necessary inference, that those who were inspired to write those books were in all points small as well as great, and whether important or not to the spiritual purpose of the record, preserved from the possibility of error."

From this it seems that the reader is to be prepared for inconsistencies or positive misstatements in the Bible, but Lord Selborne will admit of none. The principle on which he proceeds is that if science is at variance with the facts detailed in the sacred narrative, it is so much the worse for science. Geology he declares to be substantially in accord with the first chapter of Genesis, and by interpreting the very clear words of verses 14-18 as meaning that the fog and clouds which had till then covered the earth cleared away and revealed the heavenly bodies, he does succeed in showing some agreement. But the evidence of the antiquity of man he cannot away with. "All that man really knows of man," he says, "comes within the limits of the received chronology [*i.e.*, after 4000 B.C.], all known human history and literature, and all art higher than the modest stone-chipping." But surely in this Lord Selborne must have been, to use his own phrase, "improperly or insufficiently or wrongly instructed." At the time he wrote—*viz.*, 1880—Sir Peter Renouf had already delivered his *Hibbert Lectures*, in which he stated the proofs obtained by Abbas Pacha of the existence of a high civilisation in Egypt at least 6,000 years before the date fixed by Usher for the Creation, and Prof. Sayce and others had made pre-

dictions, since abundantly verified, as to similar results attending the excavations in Mesopotamia. Hence it can really hardly be said that "the real weight of the argument rests more upon the chipped flints than upon anything else." But this question of the chronology is almost the only one in which Lord Selborne openly stumbles. In almost every other case he contents himself with suggesting what may be called reconciliatory theories. Is it suggested that the statement of Matthew that Judas after throwing down the pieces of silver and going out from the temple hanged himself, is inconsistent with that of Acts, that he bought a field with the money and "falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out"? Nothing is easier to explain, says Lord Selborne in effect. The statement in Matthew may well be reconciled with that of Acts—

"if it be taken to relate summarily and by anticipation, what happened not on the instant of Judas leaving the priests and elders, but after the purchase of the potter's field with 'the reward of iniquity.' The words in Acts . . . are not inapplicable to such an involuntary acquisition. . . . Of this purchase he heard; to that spot he resorted for self-destruction. There, in a precipitous place, he (not 'hanged' but) 'strangled himself'; and having done so, his body might easily be found in the state described."

This very forensic reasoning reminds us of the advocate who accounted for the presence of a fatal dose of prussic acid in a corpse by suggesting that it was also found in apples, and that the deceased might have been eating apples.

We protest we see no useful purpose likely to be served by the publication of such a book as this. Lord Selborne's reputation for piety rests on too solid a basis to require vindication, and letters from a father to a son who is assumed in them to be already possessed of all the tenets of the Christian faith are not likely to convince those who reject any of them. To those who are abreast of current Biblical criticism the arguments contained in them appear but as the dry bones of a theology long since exploded. While to the scoffer, the fact that so shrewd an apologist for bad causes uses such arguments as we have quoted will seem but another nail in the coffin of verbal inspiration.

A SURVEY OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

The Modern French Drama. Seven Essays by Augustin Filon. Translated by Janet E. Hogarth. With an Introduction by W. L. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall.)

M. FILON has reprinted in book form the essays upon the French drama which he has contributed from time to time within the last year to the *Fortnightly Review*. The result is, perhaps, not quite a book; but it is a very agreeable miscellany of criticism upon modern French plays, actors, and critics. He shall define his own subject:

"The Romanticism of 1825-1845 gave France a school of poets and tried vainly to give it a

theatre. From 1875 to 1890 Naturalism, which had created a new form of novel, sought to establish itself on the stage; it failed, as Romanticism had failed before it. The thirty or forty years which intervened between these two unsuccessful attempts belong to Augier and Dumas, their contemporaries and their disciples."

We begin, then, with the French drama as it left the hands of Scribe. Poetry was a thing of the past, drowned in the reaction against romanticism. In the accepted form of Scribe's drama, with its exposition, its complication, its logical, ingenious, and smooth running *dénouement*, the most expert and successful playwright was Victorien Sardou—whom, nevertheless, M. Filon dismisses abruptly:

"The theatre only interests me in so far as it is related to the history of ideas and sentiments. I have nothing to learn from M. Victorien Sardou, nor will my grandchildren have much, as to the thoughts and feelings of the men and women of our time. He is not a representative writer."

But Augier, and still more Dumas, accepting the conventional form, poured into it their own thoughts, their anger or their sympathy; they were moralists and "philosophers" after the manner of France; that is to say, keen social observers who concentrated into aphorisms their judgments on life.

This, however, is, comparatively speaking, ancient history. We are all familiar with the sort of chorus-personage—say, Thouvenin in *Denise*—in whom Dumas used to incarnate his own clear-seeing intellect and who uttered the author's comment, standing a little aloof from the action. M. Filon becomes more interesting—though he is always interesting—when he comes to treat of the advent of naturalism. The school of Flaubert and Zola's Médan group conquered first in the novel. It was the slow and laborious task of M. Henry Becque to obtain for it a footing on the stage. Obviously the first principle of naturalism was that things must happen just as they did in real life. Characters could not be transformed in the space of twenty-four hours; events could not be neatly dovetailed into each other so as to produce complication and unfolding; in short, naturalism meant an end of "construction," and the conservative public of Paris hooted at M. Becque. But M. Becque went on, and in his effort to get dramatic situations out of real life he dabbled in the most unpleasant places, and so he became the parent of the *comédie rosse*. M. Filon declines to hold M. Becque up to reprobation.

"Marriage, as we see it nowadays, defaced and corrupted by modern life, seems to me almost as contemptible as adultery. Restore its sincerity, its pristine beauty and sublimity, and I shall be in the front rank of its defenders."

When, we wonder, does M. Filon put the golden age of matrimony? In what century might not the *comédie rosse* have been defended with equal sincerity on the same grounds? "The *comédie rosse*," he says, "is not only a comedy which gives the heroine a villainous part; *rosserie* extends to all the characters, and, in fact, consists in simple

lack of conscience." And M. Filon frankly admits that such popularity as it attained to sprang, not from any perception of the serious meaning hidden behind this strange compound, but from an interest in the risky passages. It gained a hearing by its kinship with pornography. Imagine Maupassant's detestable but unforgettable story, *L'Héritage*, dramatised, and you have a fair idea of the sort of thing that Antoine offered his public at the Théâtre Libre. The end was failure, "a bankruptcy of naturalism," said M. Brunetière. But men of serious talent worked in the effort to get away from old formulas, and one may accept M. Filon's epitaph on the Théâtre Libre.

"The brave little theatre has had its day and done its work. Its decisive experience has resulted in the *reductio ad absurdum* of certain theories which will never reappear, and it has sown seeds destined to spring up and flourish in the drama of to-day."

When we come to the "New Comedy" we reach something cleaner and fresher: people like M. Jules Lemaitre, who at least are not afraid to be witty, and have no desire to be as dull, heavy, and brutal as, let us say, *La Terre*. The French genius reasserts its passion for social comment; you even find M. Brieux, who began as one of the naturalists, writing (like Mr. Bernard Shaw) plays with a moral—even with a purpose. It is no longer thought sufficient to present the audience with an action, and leave them vaguely to conjecture the motive of it. M. Henri Lavedan, M. Paul Hervieu, and M. Donnay give M. Filon grounds for hope. At least they have got rid of the ridiculous theories of the Théâtre Libre, and recognise that the drama, like any other art, cannot exist without conventions. Nature must be arranged in some kind of pattern. Still the conventions are minimised, and there is a real study of nature. Intrigue is not now the main object of the piece; the drama is designed, not to show an involved series of actions bearing on each other, but to illustrate psychological compilations.

"The new comedy is not in itself either moral or immoral; it lends itself to the Attic imagination of Montmartre. Perhaps to-morrow some Puritan may make it a vehicle for a sermon. Reactionary, bourgeois, anarchist, it is capable of anything. Even from a purely artistic point of view its tendencies are not yet clearly defined. It is only masterpieces that fix a style and make it definite. Then, but only then, the form will be perfect, and nothing more can be done but break it up to make new ones, and so deliver the masterpieces from that fate, at once the cruellest degradation and the height of glory—cheap and unlimited reproductions."

Are we, then, to shatter the mould of "Cyrano"? For M. Rostand's play is unquestionably accepted (in some quarters) as a masterpiece. "Cyrano" and M. Jean Richepin's "Le Chemineau" have not only restored verse to its place on the French stage—where it had scarcely appeared since the days of Ponsard—but have put a new hope and a new heart into the drama. M. Richepin's play rests on a theatrical convention—the pathetic fallacy that poor people are *ipso facto* virtuous. "Cyrano" we have all seen, and

it is impossible not to smile when an author goes so far as this in laudation: "I do not shrink from saying that 'Cyrano' is France, France at her best, France at the culminating point of her genius."

This is sheer ecstasy. "Cyrano" is a piece devoid of any human probability. The central idea, which culminates in improbability at the balcony scene, is essentially fantastic. Even the absurdities of Roxane, which are defensible artistically as being in the same key with Cyrano's extravagances, shake one's faith in the whole. Doubtless there were such people as the *Précieuses*; doubtless Cyrano, with all his attributes, existed historically; but they were personages so abnormal as to be scarcely appropriate for drama. Fiction cannot afford to be as strange as fact. Let characters by all means wear a ruff or any other travesty; but "thinkest thou that I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?" asks Rosalind. Cyrano has a ruff, double starched, somewhere in the recesses of his anatomy; his point of honour is more than Castilian. M. Filon may say: "Yes, this is all true; but M. Rostand is a poet, and a poet's first business is to make poetry, and he has made it. That is enough." Has he? "Je t'aime," says Christian. "C'est très bien," replies Roxane, "brodez, brodez." That is what M. Rostand can do. On any occasion, in any tone he can *broder* beyond praise. He can be witty, farcical, eloquent, tender, and even, at times, genuinely lyrical. But of the higher imagination, which fixes on the essence of a situation and writes it in a flash—like Webster's

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young"—

he has no trace in the judgment of a foreigner. M. Rostand has written an admirable acting play, but one too little rooted in human nature to hold the stage permanently. If it be claimed as a work of genius, one need only set it beside the great monologue of Don Carlos in *Hernani* to see its true value. Yet there is no doubt that a man who has done this may do infinitely more. How much had Shakespeare written when he was twenty-nine? M. Rostand will never write a *Lear*; but he might produce a delightful "Much Ado about Nothing," and we sympathise profoundly with M. Filon's rejoicing in the return of gaiety and imagination to the French stage.

A MODERN STUDY OF SANCTITY.

The Psychology of the Saints. By Henri Joly. Translated by E. Holt. Preface and Notes by G. Tyrrell, S.J. (Duckworth & Co.)

HERE is a very ably-written little book from the French; a prefatory study of sanctity in general, designed to introduce a series of biographies of the Saints which shall correspond to modern needs and methods. However you may dissent from it as to this or that conclusion, this or that argument, it

is a clever and valuable attempt to apply modern methods to ancient problems; from which men of goodwill may derive much profit, whether they agree with or contravene its author.

The regulation hagiography has been a compost of tedious moralities and platitudinous reflections, served up in miraculous jam to get it down the light and worldly reader's recalcitrant throat. Our ancestors, like children, enjoyed the miracles (as a kind of religious *Arabian Nights*), and, it is to be feared, skipped the moral reflections. Then came the reaction. The Saint was treated as a very great man, of most excellent moral attributes; with regard to whom there were certain legends not necessary to be forced on the reader's attention—like the legends of Egeria, &c., in the history of the early Roman kings. It was a very useful reaction, unless the Saints were to be on a par with the Eucharist This and the Magician That. But hypnotism arose, and the Psychological Society, and that eminent mystic, William Thomas Stead. The other-worldly side of the Saints was revived by the world itself. M. Joly's book endeavours to steer between both these modern attitudes, and to utilise both. It does not burke the thaumaturgic side of the Saints. On the contrary, M. Joly examines this at length, using the latest modern experiments for the purpose. But he strives to make it clear that—in the view of the Church to which the Saints belonged—such phenomena were but accessories of the sanctity; that the essential matter was the Saints' virtue. Nay, mysticism itself was not the science of wonder-working, but the science of divine love.

M. Joly comes to his difficult task unusually well-equipped. He has published previous books on the psychology of animals, geniuses, and criminals. It is this *rapport* with science that makes his book interesting. Not many writers on such a topic carry a like weight of metal; religion, like politics, is a field in which every man thinks himself competent, needing no arms but opinion. He is of the "cross-bench mind," and is therefore likely to displease many. He will have no hard and fast line between the animal and the man, or between the various grades of human minds. Neither will he allow that everything may be traced to the mere development of our lower instincts. Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his new book, *Studies of a Biographer*, records a saying of Hawkins (Johnson's Hawkins) to the effect that Fielding had invented a new virtue, "goodness of heart," which was little more than the virtue of a cow. It delights not Mr. Stephen, as he shows by his ironical gloss upon it. Yet we agree with Hawkins—perhaps the only point in which we agree with that eminently disagreeable person. He meant the pet virtue which Fielding ascribes to all his characters designed for sympathy, to Tom Jones no less than to Parson Adams; and which in Tom Jones and his kind is supposed to cover a multitude of sins. This "goodness of heart" it is which Hawkins insinuates to be a mere animal good-nature, such as may be found in any dog worth one's intimacy. He might have gone further. There are much finer virtues

than this in any dog of really elevated character, the kind of dog with whom none but a man of truly superior nature can have understanding companionship. One does sometimes see such a dog yoked in fellowship with a Tom Jones; but it is always a painful sight; there can be no real equality in such a friendship, and the dog must probably undergo a subtle, if unnoticed, deterioration. Against this animal view of virtue, the idea of sanctity, as put forth by M. Joly, is a protest. He will not have it that sanctity is evolved from protoplasm; nor yet that it is a "sport," a "freak," as the Americans say, a special variety of the angel. His object is to show that the saint, in his most personal developments, never parts company with man. His contact with man, his charity, his zeal for his fellow-creatures, his wisdom and prudence, are easily established. It is less easy to show that his extraordinary experiences are based upon qualities existing in that humanity which does not pretend to the peculiar gifts of the saint. Yet this M. Joly attempts. He is helped by science, he is helped, also, by his study of the psychology of genius. This latter is a peculiar advantage for his task, which he shares with no previous student of the subject that we can recollect. The psychology of the poet, above all (or of the musician, or, less strikingly, the artist), affords the closest natural parallel to the special psychology of the saint. If M. Joly does not make quite what he might of it, this is doubtless because he is a Frenchman. A nation whose greatest poet is Victor Hugo cannot supply for study the highest and austere type of poetic psychology. A German with Goethe, a Spaniard with Calderon, would have better chance; still more the countrymen of Dante, the countrymen of Milton and Wordsworth. Nor can the mind of Dante, for example, readily be followed by a mind of uncongenial national type. Englishmen have a special advantage in this way; since, as a Spanish critic has said, the authority of England in poetry can only be paralleled by the authority of ancient Greece in sculpture. Especially valuable is the comparison between the saint and the genius in regard to mysticism, and that contemplation which is one of the features of mysticism. And here, also, M. Joly makes too little use—we might almost say no use—of the comparison. Let us use the advantage of our nationality to consider the point a little.

Mysticism, M. Joly defines, following a French Abbé, as being the love of God. So also an English writer (Coventry Patmore) has defined it as the science of Love. The difference is characteristic. The Frenchman is the more rigid, the Englishman the wider. The Englishman regards all love as a ladder leading to the Divine Love. But in respect to the Saints, we may fairly accept the Abbé's definition, and call mysticism the science of Divine Love. This wide definition at once does away with the notion that a mystic is a man shut up in a cave or a monastery. But then comes in the bugbear of contemplation. Does not contemplation strike at the root of all external energy, nay, of reason itself? Is not the mystic

therefore, as Victor Cousin would have him to be, a man withdrawn from all modes of activity; yea, a contemner of reason? The idea is, that contemplation is something non-natural, having no root in the natural faculties. The answer is, that the poet employs a mode of contemplation. Most contemplative of poets was Dante; yet was the sometime ruler of Florence unfitted for external activities? Was the subtle logician of the *Paradiso* maimed in his reason? It is the old quarrel between reason and intuition. The weapon of poet or saint is intuition, and contemplation is the state, the attitude, which disposes the mind to receive intuitions. The supposition is that intuition is contrary to reason. But this is narrowing the term "reason" to a single faculty—the discursive reason, the dialectic faculty; as we say, the faculty of putting two and two together. This is quite arbitrary. Intuition is reason. It is a higher, a subtler, a nimbler mode of reason; it flies where the discursive reason crawls. The average man will not away with this idea, because it would be an admission that his own reason was but elementary. He has the true democratic hatred of distinction: he would clip the hedges of the human mind lest one spray shoot beyond another. "To have all men like me" is his unconscious aim. *L'homme rationnel, c'est moi*, is his dogma. Yet the thing is true; and it is only in modern times that the word "reason" has acquired its contracted and degenerated meaning. The insight of the poet springs from intuition, which is the highest reason, and is acquired through contemplation, which is the highest effort. For contemplation implies a concentration far greater than is needed for ordinary thought. We need not quote Wordsworth to show that such was the method used by him. So far we have been fighting the battle of the poet. But it is also the battle of the saint. These faculties native in the poet are the natural basis of what is called contemplation in the saint. The foundation is the same, the edifice more marvellous. The gap which appears non-natural between the saint and ourselves becomes apprehensible when it is bridged over by the poet, the man of genius. And so far from this mystic contemplation being inert and irrational, it is perceived to be the culmination of energy and reason. Let it be added, in fairness, that the poet does sometimes show a defect of external activity; but no such result is perceptible in the saint. On the contrary, most of them have been monsters of energy.

This is a case in which M. Joly might have used the comparative method to more advantage than he has done; but, for the most part, he uses it with excellent results. It is impossible to follow at large his very curious and interesting examination. But to any reader with a taste for the subject we can recommend his book as stimulant and suggestive, whether you accept his conclusions or not.

KALEIDOSCOPIC LONDON.

History of London Street Improvements, 1855-1897. By Percy J. Edwards. (P. S. King & Son.)

Illustrated Topographical Record. First Series. Edited by T. Fairman Ordish. (The London Topographical Society.)

THE first of these volumes, issued under the authority of the London County Council, is the most important record of its kind ever published. In it the manner of London's growth, the endless changes and renewals of her streets and houses, may be exactly studied. The period covered is certainly limited; but it is the vital period in which the Metropolitan Board of Works, and its successor, the London County Council, have exercised their powers. Each street improvement is described in a section by itself, with an illustrative plan attached, the plan being, in nearly every case, a copy of the one which was deposited in Parliament when the necessary powers were applied for. In all, fifty-four improvements are separately dealt with. An excellent feature is the insertion of two large maps of the whole of London—the first dated 1855, the other 1897. By comparing these maps the reader may study the general and special growth of London in forty-two years. Besides these contents, there are chapters detailing the methods of procedure and financial policy of the Board of Works and of the County Council, and schedules of the moneys expended by these bodies on improvements. In its entirety, the volume, with its maps and plans, forms a complete, if abstruse, record of the London street improvements of the last forty years. It might have been much more abstruse; but Mr. Edwards has wisely neglected the thousand legal points, settled in cases at the Courts, which have arisen out of the operation of the various Acts. The difficulties and incidents of getting the Acts themselves passed are, however, noticed.

Despite its intricacy and eye-vexing detail, this bulky work has an appreciable leaning towards popularity. With its two large maps spread out, or, better still, carefully removed and pinned to a wall, and with the book on his knees, a keen Londoner will find himself enthralled by the tasks which he will be too glad to set himself, of tracing and understanding such street-building schemes as gave us Garrick-street in 1861, threw Queen Victoria-street open from end to end in 1871, made Park-lane an artery, created Northumberland-avenue, and connected Shoreditch with Bloomsbury. Far excelling these improvements in magnitude we have the Victoria Embankment, which cost considerably over a million pounds, net: the story of this and its sister undertakings is exactly told, and we are even given the amounts of granite, concrete, earth-filling, and York paving which went to the making of the Victoria Embankment. The three embankments—the Victoria, Albert, and Chelsea—measure $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and the net cost of their construction approached two and a-half millions sterling.

Nearly every London street improvement presents some feature of its own. Northumberland-avenue, as everyone knows, meant the demolition, after a long struggle with hereditary pride, of the last of the line of Strand palaces; Shaftesbury-avenue was eight years a-building because the conditions imposed on the Board as to the rehousing of the displaced families were too stringent to be practicable; Hyde Park Corner was widened and improved by the co-operation of the Crown, and straightway became the field of a battle of boards and vestries as to its maintenance; Queen Victoria-street was driven to the Bank through disconcerting cross gradients, and the excavations were fruitful in Roman relics. The book yields its surprises and reminders to Londoners who are young and modest. How many of us bethink ourselves that the little curve on the south side of Holborn, close to Staple-inn, is the matrix, so to speak, of Middle-row, that island of unsightly property which stood in this part of the street as late as 1867, leaving but a narrow passage between itself and the present south frontage of Holborn? To sum up: Mr. Edwards' voluminous records are indispensable to every student of external London.

The *Illustrated Topographical Record*, of which the "first series" has just been issued, covers the years 1880-1887. Within that short period it forms an admirable companion to Mr. Edwards' official volume. It is a series of drawings, with notes, of the buildings demolished by the Board of Works during the years named. The artist, Mr. J. P. Emslie, has endeavoured to furnish accurate rather than picturesque records. His subjects include remains of Leadenhall and the old Guildhall, the houses of Lincoln's-inn which stood north of the gateway in Chancery-lane, Monmouth-street (now lost in Shaftesbury-avenue), Regent (now Piccadilly) Circus, and delightful nooks of Hampstead, Westminster, and Bermondsey. One could weep for the houses on the west side of High-street, Hampstead, which have perished for the sake of Fitzjohn's-avenue. It was well to sketch the timber houses which many of us remember at the corner of Milton-street, Cripplegate. In them the scribbling victims of the *Dunciad* may have lived, for Milton-street is but Grub-street disguised. Gray's Inn-road had some good old houses left in it in 1880, when it ceased to be Gray's Inn-lane; and three of these are delineated. John Aubrey passed under them in his time; and Langhorne, the translator of Plutarch, on his way to the "Peacock" to drink. Mr. Emslie's drawing, "Corner of Great St. Andrew-street and Monmouth-street," rather misses its mark; for it gives a view of the latter street, which—since it remains—we hardly need, while it scarcely touches Monmouth-street, which—since it is gone—we do need. Monmouth-street's character as an old clothes emporium has been supported by half our best writers, from Ben Jonson to Carlyle. We are glad to note that the London Topographical Society, which has recently been revived and strengthened, has another volume of Mr. Emslie's sketches in preparation. Indeed, we trust that the series will be well kept up; already the imminence of

the new street between Holborn and the Strand is a reminder that the time is short and the subjects for illustration many. Still down the years comes the voice of Bramston, crooning his couplets:

"All sublunary things of death partake!
What alteration does a cent'ry make!
What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the Strand?
Pease, cabbages, and turnips once grew where
Now stands new Bond-street and a newer square;
Such piles of buildings now rise up and down,
London itself seems going out of town."

BRIEFER MENTION.

History of Dogma. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Translated by E. B. Spiers and James Millar. Vol. IV. (Williams & Norgate.)

THIS volume of the "Theological Translation Library" represents the second of Prof. Harnack's great work, from chap. vii. to the end. It comprises the history, therefore, of the elimination of the hypotheses which sprouted fungus-like upon the central doctrine of the Incarnation and its corollary, the doctrine of the Trinity—the heresies of Arius, of Nestorius, of Eutyches. To the men of our generation the question whether the Godhead of Christ was of the same substance as the Godhead of the Father (*homoousios*) or of a like substance (*homoi-ousios*) is no longer a burning one. We take these things for granted, or we set them aside altogether as idle. But, at the lowest, as affording matter for extremely nice intellectual exercise, they had an educative value that men of Prof. Harnack's school freely recognise. The decisions of councils, the concise propositions of the *credo*, may or may not represent objective truth; the yare, at any rate, as appears from the extinction of the contradictory propositions which challenged them, valid conclusions from exceedingly obscure premises. And the process by which, as Prof. Harnack summarises it, "Men pass from religious thought to the philosophical and theological doctrinal proposition, and from the doctrinal proposition which requires knowledge to the legal proposition which demands obedience"—every science passes through an analogous process—was never pursued on a loftier plane than by the earnest, clever, ill-equipped Churchmen of the first four oecumenical councils. St. Augustine, the most brilliant figure of his age, is well described by Prof. Harnack as "a man whose mind was as sceptical as it was intellectually powerful, who revelled in the incomprehensible, driven about between the poles of a *docta ignorantia* and a knowledge which was replete with contradictions." The translators have done their work admirably; and the pages are jewelled with Greek characters from a beautiful font.

A Text-Book of Botany. By Dr. E. Strasburger, Dr. F. Noll, Dr. H. Schenck, and Dr. A. F. W. Schimper. Translated by H. C. Porter, Ph.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

EXCELLENT text-books of botany are already numerous; and yet we are grateful to the four distinguished botanists whose names appear on this title-page (and to their English translator) for the present addition to their number. Each of the four is a specialist in some one department of physiology or morphology; and, as the result of their united labours, we have a work that must necessarily find a place on the shelves of every botanist who desires to keep *au courant* with the progress of his science. It is very interesting to contrast a botanical text-book of 1898 with one of (we will say) 1868. The use of the highest microscopical powers, the application to microscopical preparations of innumerable "staining reagents," have turned the attention of botanists, during the last quarter of a century, to a study of the minute structure of the vegetable cell, and to the complicated and recondite processes, physical and chemical, which mark its active vitality. In these researches Prof. Strasburger has taken a leading part; and this volume may therefore be taken as an authoritative statement of the present state of our knowledge on the histology of the cell and on the phenomena attending the division of the nucleus and of the cell.

The various departments of morphology and physiology are treated with clearness and precision; but the space given to the phenomena of reproduction in flowering plants seems to us altogether inadequate to its importance. And here we notice a serious omission. The date on the title-page is 1898, and the prefatory note by the publishers is dated September, 1897. On p. 66 it is stated that "motile male sexual cells occur only in the cryptogams." And yet in January, 1897, the botanical world was startled by the announcement of the discovery by the Japanese botanist Ikeno (since amply confirmed) of the existence of motile antherozoids in the gymnosperms, one of the most important botanical discoveries of modern times.

The systematic portion of the work does not seem to us so satisfactory as the structural. But it possesses two excellent features. The colour-printing of some of the illustrations in this section adds greatly to their lifelikeness, and is admirably done. Under each order there is a very useful list of the poisonous and officinal species.

William Dunbar. By Oliphant Smeaton. "Famous Scots" Series. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

IN the margin of the title-page there is the cunningest little red king, sitting cross-legged on a large crown, with a big head and hardly any body, bearing in one hand a squat little caricature of a sword, and in the other a policeman's truncheon; on his head another crown. This is James the Fourth, friend and patron (to the measure of twenty—or at least eighty—pounds Scots per annum) to the author of "The Lament for the Makars," William Dunbar—friar, courtier, satirist, pimp, moralist, elegist, and as

many other things as may be squeezed into the skin of a single man of genius. Mr. Smeaton is just consumed with zeal for the memory of his brilliant countryman, and this "attempt to place before the reader in a popular form the facts in the life of one of Scotland's greatest sons" is manifestly a labour of love. He strives even to whitewash his moral character, and so far as concerns that "sweet assured foe" of his, Mrs. Musgrave, the duenna of the young queen, with probable success. These lines are hardly from the pen of a prevailing lover:

"White Dove, where is your sober humbleness?
Sweet, gentle Turtle, where is your pity went?
Where is your ruth? the fruit of nobleness,
Of womanhood the treasure and the rent:
Vertue is never put out of meek intent,
Nor out of gentle heart is fund in pity,
Since merciless no noble wight might be."

But at this time of day we should probably be ready to condone any frailties that might be alleged against the "makar" of "The Thistle and the Rose," "The Golden Targe"—the man whose genius could imagine the weird horrors of the "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," and yet could sound an elegiac strain of such unmingled pathos as the "Lament for the Makars." Mr. Smeaton's little monograph will be of worth alike to those to whom Dunbar is dear and to those others who by it shall be guided into the garden of his beauties.

The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner, and his Festival Theatre in Bayreuth. By Albert Lavignac. Translated by Esther Singleton. (Service & Paton.)

THE object avowed by Prof. Lavignac in his preface is to provide for his countrymen "a real practical guide to Bayreuth" (including the times of the trains), and "to present the Wagnerian style in its own proper light, by dissipating the clouds with which it has been enveloped by certain of its commentators." In fact M. Lavignac has refrained from making his subject an occasion of literature; he has confined himself, with a self-command as admirable as it is rare, to elucidating the text. There is a large class of musical amateurs, in this country no less than in France, by whom a work of the character of M. Lavignac's was the one thing desired. They are persons with a natural taste for music, and with a ready spring of responsive emotions; they are vaguely stirred by Wagner; they are even profoundly stirred, but unintelligently, and the consciousness of something missing is a vague vexation. The author's straightforward account of each drama, accompanied by transcriptions of the *leit-motive* and by diagrams showing their recurrences and combinations, will furnish these with just the key they want. We may expect before the end of the expiring century to hear of the "Ring" performed to intelligent and appreciative audiences in Brixton and Camberwell. The bill-broker will pass along humming the "adoration of the gold" *motif*, and the lodging-house general will twitter "the flames spell," as she kindles the comfortable coal. But what a new world it would be!

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

IN THE CAGE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

The cage was the barrier that divided the little post and telegraph counter from the grocery department. They economised space in that shop. Shop! Cheese! Soap! Stamps! And this a novel by Mr. Henry James! Is it possible? We hazard an explanation. One day, no doubt, when Mr. James was buying postage stamps (perhaps in this very shop, for it is situated on the confines of an aristocratic neighbourhood), he must have thought, as a small white hand gave him his change—"All day this little shop assistant sits here receiving telegrams. She knows the telegraphic plots and plans, follies and fancies of half Mayfair. I will play with the idea. I will —" So, after all, the subject is quite akin to Mr. James's genius. (Duckworth & Co. 187 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DICKY MONTEITH.

BY TOM GALLON.

This story has the Dickensian flavour which gave joy to the readers of *Tatterley*. The hero is not very heroic, but he is a pleasant fellow; and his story is suffused in sentiment of a welcome bygone sort. There is a delightful old man who writes penny "bloods" for boys, named Pycraft. He exclaims: "You see, Mr. Hepburn, I'm purely a hackworker—a humble follower in the wake of some of the big ones who have gone in front. And my literary legs are so weak, and so short, that I find it very difficult indeed to keep anywhere near their footsteps. Now, Stevenson, for instance — He bowed his head, and closed his eyes, as though he had been to church." (Hutchinson & Co. 339 pp. 6s.)

TAMMERS' DUEL.

BY E. AND H. HERON.

An entertaining story. Tammers is a splendid Big Englander from South Africa, and in a Jersey hotel he speaks his mind so bluffly that he is challenged to a duel by a Polish Count, a deadly fencer. But Tammers has the choice of weapons, and he chooses — well, the last weapon in the world that you would guess. The duel is a great success—for Tammers. Here is Tammers's political creed:

"What is an Imperialist?" I inquired with interest.

"An Imperialist," replied Tammers, thinking out his answer as he spoke—"an Imperialist is a man who takes his hat off when the band plays 'God save the Queen.'"

"And a Little Englander?"

"That's the other thing—he's the man who gets his hat knocked off for him!"

A second, but much shorter story, entitled "Scanderson," is included in the volume. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. 215 pp. 2s. 6d.)

AN ELUSIVE LOVER.

BY VIRNA WOODS.

He is elusive because he has a double personality. That is to say, he is sometimes Gottfried Yäger, artist, and sometimes Geoffrey Carrington, drunkard. Thus endowed, he becomes his own rival in love, and murders himself. He is tried and acquitted. Finally his two personalities merge into one, and the story ends sanely. (Constable & Co. 208 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A STATESMAN'S CHANCE.

BY JOSEPH F. CHARLES.

A clever story, flecked with satire and pathos. A peer and a vicar are the chief characters, and the author loves his peer best—with justice. (Constable & Co. 314 pp. 6s.)

THE MODERN GOSPEL.

BY MRS. H. H. PENROSE.

A plea for simplicity and nature against modern *isms* and "smartness." A good deal of scorn is levelled at these, especially in the chapters dealing with the *Guiding Light*, an organ of advanced opinion. The editress is better than her paper and one day wearily

asks her sub-editor, who is examining contributions: "Have you come on nothing, absolutely nothing that expresses a generous sentiment, or a tenderness for humanity? I want a cushion; I am tired of paving-stones." (Constable & Co. 313 pp. 6s.)

A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Tells how Captain Ward of the War Office came into a fortune, and was dogged by enemies, and guarded by detectives, and loved by Frida Fairholme. (John Milne. 217 pp. 2s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

A love-story, told in the form of a diary, by the author of *The Honourable Peter Sterling*. As in so many novels of to-day, the literary life enters largely into the plot. (Constable & Co. 258 pp. 6s.)

DINKINBAR.

BY HERBERT C. MACILWAINE.

There is good stuff in this story of Australian bush-life. But the author mars his pages by an extraordinary redundancy of trivial observation. "He tipped his cigarette ash delicately into the slop-basin with his right hand, folded the fingers of his left, and frowned judiciously at his nails. Then he looked at the ceiling, inhaled a mouthful of smoke, and sent it thoughtfully and luxuriously in an upward blast. A pellet of bread his sister had aimed at a fly in the centre of his table struck him on the neck." Then he spoke his mind. Whereupon Susie "clenched her fist, as women and other non-boxers do, with the thumb imprisoned, and thumped it three times smartly on the table, making the breakfast things jump." (Constable & Co. 310 pp. 6s.)

FIONA M'IVER.

BY ARTHUR JENKINSON and EMILY J. JENKINSON.

A romance of the Western isles of Scotland. Secluded glens, boats, lairds, hot blood, a whiff of finance from London, some villainy, and Fiona M'Iver. What pervades and remains is "the long low wail of the waves on the iron shore below, and the full moon, serene and beautiful, above." (Hutchinson & Co. 376 pp. 6s.)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE THREE.

BY BLANCHE LOFTUS.

Love and politics are closely interwoven in this story, which is laid in Venice and Verona, in the time of the Napoleonic wars. (Hutchinson & Co. 366 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Story of a Play. By W. D. Howells.
(Harpers.)

MAXWELL was a journalist who was writing a play, and had married a trifle—just a trifle—above his station.

"The young actor, who thought he saw his part in Maxwell's play, had so far made his way upward on the Pacific Coast that he felt justified in taking the lead with a combination of his own. He met the author at a dinner of the Papyrus Club in Boston, where they were introduced, with a facile flourish of praise from the journalist who brought them together, as the very men who were looking for each other, and who ought to be able to give the American public a real American drama."

So begins the story of the play. Now, there are at least two ways of writing a good story. There may be nine and forty, and every single one of them right. But for present purposes we may distinguish between stories which deal with ordinary people and extraordinary situations, and stories which deal with ordinary situations and people which are only extraordinary because their situations show them up so clearly. The latter, perhaps, is the more difficult to write; for it is easier to imagine incidents than to know people. Excellent examples of either class are *Rupert of Hentzau* and *The Story of a Play*. Of the former we

wrote last week. In the latter Mr. Howells's method finds its most triumphant expression; for the story of the play, which is quite subservient to the story of the author and the players, and in no way out of the ordinary, is made to contain the story of several lives. In the writing and production of the play we have three planes of existence, as it were. We have Louise, the author's wife, who wants her husband to write a great play, and has given the most sacred bit of herself to the writing; we have Maxwell, who hovers between the ideal and the necessity of getting the play produced; and finally we have Godolphin and the other players who only want a part for themselves. Yet throughout the play—for the reader—is not the thing. It is the people you laugh at and sympathise with.

Take this piece of dialogue between Maxwell and his wife, when the play has reached the possibility of production:

"She pulled off his hat, and rubbed his hair round on his skull in exultation at having arrived at some clear understanding. 'I wouldn't have hair like silk,' she jeered.

'And I wouldn't have hair like corn-silk,' he returned. 'At least not on my own head.'

'Yes, it is coarse. And it's your's quite as much as mine,' she said, thoughtfully. 'We do belong to each other utterly, don't we? I never thought of it in that light before. And now our life has gone into your work, already! I can't tell you, Brice, how sweet it is to think of that love-business being our own! I shall be so proud of it on the stage! But as long as we live no one but ourselves must know anything about it. Do you suppose they will?' she added, in sudden dismay.

He smiled. 'Should you care?'

She reflected a moment. 'No!' she shouted boldly. 'What difference?'

'Godolphin would pay any sum for the privilege of using the fact as an advertisement. If he could put it into Finney's hands, and give him *carte blanche* to work in all the romance he liked—'

'Brice!' she shrieked.

'Well, we needn't give it away, and if we don't, nobody else will.'

'No, and we must always keep it sacredly secret. Promise me one thing!'

'Twenty!'

'That you will let me hold your hand all through the first performance of that part. Will you?'

'Why, we shall be set up like two brazen images in a box for all the first-nighters to stare at and the society reporters to describe. What would society journalism say to your holding my hand throughout the tender passages? It would be onto something personal in them in an instant.'

'No; now I will show you how we will do.' They were sitting in a nook of the rocks, in the pallor of the late September sunshine, with their backs against a warm boulder. 'Now give me your hand.'

'Why, you've got hold of it already.'

'Oh yes, so I have! Well, I'll just grasp it in mine firmly, and let them both rest on your knee, so; and fling the edge of whatever I'm wearing on my shoulders over them, or my mantle, if it's hanging on the back of the chair, so'—she flung the edge of her shawl over their clasped hands to illustrate—and nobody will suspect the least thing. Suppose the sea was the audience—a sea of faces, you know; would anyone dream down there that I was squeezing your hand at all the important moments, or you squeezing mine?'

'I hope they wouldn't think me capable of doing anything so indelicate as squeezing a lady's hand,' said Maxwell. 'I don't know what they might think of you, though, if there was any such elaborate display of concealment as you've got up here.'

'Oh, this is merely rehearsing. Of course, I shall be more adroit, more careless, when I really come to it. But what I mean is that when we first see it together, the love-business, I shall want to feel that you are feeling every instant just as I do. Will you?'

'I don't see any great objection to that. We shall both be feeling very anxious about the play, if that's what you mean.'

'That's what I mean in one sense,' Louise allowed. 'Shan't you be very anxious to see how they have imagined Salome and Atland?'

'Not so anxious as about how Godolphin has "created" Haxard.'

'I care nothing about that. But if the woman who does me is vulgar, or underbred, or the least bit coarse, and doesn't keep the character just as sweet and delicate as you imagined it, I don't know what I shall do to her.'

There are people—professors of psychometry—who claim to be able to delineate character from a wisp of hair or the paring of the nail. There are story tellers—they may be termed literary psychometrists—who can give a life in the description of an incident. The name of Mr. Henry James occurs at once; for Mr. James appears to go out of his way to find the most meagre of plots—as in *The Spoils of Poynton*—for the pure pleasure of showing that no man can lift his hand without giving himself away to

the observant writer. One cannot help comparing Mr. James with Mr. Howells, for the aim of the two is so similar, and *The Story of a Play* is a plot which Mr. James might be imagined to seize on with delight. He would probe his characters deeper than Mr. Howells. Indeed, he would be inside them all the time. But Mr. Howells is more dramatic, and not even to the most flippant reader is he tedious. To give more of the plot would be unfair, even if there were more. You must read the story for the pleasure of seeing ordinary human beings going about their ordinary business under a microscope.

* * * * *
Via Lucis. By Kassandra Vivaria.
(Heinemann.)

THIS is the cumbrous but not altogether futile study of a character. Arduina is not merely the centre of interest, she comprises in her complicated little soul the whole story of these 350 crowded pages; and though the reading of them is laborious—there is neither incident nor humour to lighten the way—the reward, such as it is, of knowing the young woman to her minutest thought awaits the conscientious at the end.

Arduina was the daughter of an Italian count and an Anglo-American mother. You see her first as a child, and the little scene in which she is introduced sounds the keynote of her story. At Cagiato's, the big shop in the Corso, after much search she had discovered the doll she wanted. Alas! before she left the shop it was smashed.

"The mother slipped her arm round the little girl's shoulders, and drew her fondly to her. 'You don't mind very much, darling, do you? You shall come to-morrow and choose another.'

'I don't want another,' moaned the child. . . . I didn't want any doll. . . . I wanted a doll like the one in my head, Theodora—she was Theodora; and . . . there isn't another Theodora in the world!'"

Arduina was always in pursuit of Theodora, and Theodora always came to grief in the moment of possession. After the death of her mother Arduina passed a stormy childhood in her black-guard father's house. She was prepared to make a Theodora of him, but he smashed her illusions with a fist. She read omnivorously, lying generally upon her back on the floor; but books became irrelevant; and presently, being sent to a convent school, the Theodora of the moment showed the features of a new world-wide religious order for women—an order of delightful comprehensiveness and all-embracing purpose. She wrote out the constitutions in a black book; you may read them in chapter xxv., and they are rather amusing.

About this time she fell deeply in love with a doll named Prospero, who commanded Torpedo Boat 113, and seriously proposed to herself to take stock in him. However, a subtle monsignore, her director, warned her against the danger of throwing over her vocation, and incidentally assured her that the sailor doll was intended for her friend Gabriella. So she entered upon the noviciate of the order of Santa Marta and a course of galloping consumption. Before she had pronounced her vows she was sent, for her health's sake, to the home of Prospero's people, where he still dwelt, united to Gabriella. The glamour of the ascetic life, and her faith in the unseen, had by this time gone the way of her other illusions; and her position, therefore, under this roof (for Prospero loved her, and cared not a centesime for Gabriella) was precarious. She was pretty reckless about things, and when Gabriella insisted on dressing her in a blood-red dress of her own, she gave herself over to her whim. In the centre of the crowd of women, as she stood,

"carrying her cowl and veil crushed in her left hand, while her right held the only candle so high that its flame leaped like a tongue of fire above her radiant head, the figure of the disrobed nun stood out like a vision more infernal than celestial, I am afraid; more terrifyingly human, perhaps, than either. She was strange, indeed, to look at, with her gleam-catching crop of wild hair, her eyes that appeared consumed from within, and the peculiarly pathetic lines of sharpened chin and suffering cheek-bones.

Did she feel at that moment, I wonder, that she might have sat for a symbolic picture as the new archetype of an old rebellion, with that vestige of her monastic raiment held down, despised, by her thin fingers; the keen, real humanity in her face; and her Satanic livery triumphant all over her lithe limbs? . . ."

Before she left the house to return to the convent she had justified

the colour of her borrowed robe. For three years she hid at Assisi with an old nurse, and beat down the demon tuberculosis. Then Prospero came to her, being now free, and she married him. But this was not the end. This last doll wearied of her and was unfaithful; then he repented; and then she found that she was weary of the doll:

"At last, at last she started into full comprehension of the deep-seated egoism, never-to-be-satisfied, that was the only legitimate child of her self-taught soul, the only true passion of her maturer being. There it was, the sterile predominance of intellect, the hopeless perpetual need of conscious abstraction that had met her so often, greeted her in so many forms, and that she had never recognised."

This was the "light" to which she had at last come, at the age of five-and-twenty. And in the creature herself there is so much that is true and vivid, one realises her so completely, that, giving oneself up to the fancy, one could condole with her upon having been less happy than she deserved to be in her biographer. For the writer lacks so much—humour, tact, technique—of which her subject was worthy. The style is wordy and tiresome; commonplace alternates with a dull extravagance, and split infinitives straddle across every page. Yet, even though narrative explores no thoroughfares and backwaters with a persistent irrelevancy, from chapter to chapter the interest grows; and we have faith that the lady with the operative pseudonym, if only she would consent to learn and practise the elementary details of her business, might at last give us work as high above this maiden effort as *Via Lucis* is superior to the common brand of literary green-sickness.

* * *

A Romance of the First Consul. By Matilda Malling. Translated by Anna Molboe. (W. Heinemann.)

THIS voluptuous story comes to England stamped with the enthusiastic approval of Dr. Brandes. While we are unable to go so far as that illustrious critic in praise of the book, we can place to its credit a most entertaining afternoon. It moves, it beguiles, it pleads—but it never convinces. Napoleon was not like that, Edmée was not like that, Duroc was not like that: such is the reader's verdict. Yet all are excellent company, and much good writing has gone to the novel.

The story is this. Edmée de la Feuillade is a winning and beautiful damsel of Royal blood. We meet her first in the year 1800, when things were so gloomy for Royalists, and Napoleon was the adamant head of affairs. In the first chapter we accompany Edmée to Paris, to stay in the house of her fiancé, Louis de Chateauneuf, and endeavour to recover possession of her confiscated estates. Black hatred of the First Consul is in her heart. The Paris of that day is adroitly brought before the reader (indeed, the book is notable for adroitness throughout), and we are taken quickly into the best society. After some delay Edmée has audience of the terrible Corsican, and no sooner do their eyes meet than their fate is sealed—they are Affinities. Henceforward Napoleon is to be all in all to Edmée, and Edmée to be as much to Napoleon as any woman could be. Proud and refined though she is, Edmée hesitates at nothing. Napoleon's wish is her law. Until the last chapter the two lovers clandestinely love, and then comes the tragedy. Edmée drowns herself because, in the words of Dr. Brandes, "she could not survive the shame that would result when the halo which in her eyes surrounded her relations with Bonaparte should be extinguished, and when from a queen she should become a mistress like the rest."

Here is a passage. Edmée one night stays longer than usual, Napoleon being in a talkative mood:

"You are a queen, as I tell you," he cried enthusiastically, transported by her flashing eyes and proud expression. "I once heard a story about a de la Feuillade, who, as a reward for his daring, was for one night the lover of Anne of Austria, and who was murdered next day by the servants of the Cardinal and the King. You have his blood in your veins. Oh!"—his voice became almost harsh—"a great name is a glorious thing—a splendid support."

"As if any name were greater than yours!"

"It will perhaps some time become the greatest—perhaps."

She removed his hand softly, and looked with a smile into his radiant eyes.

'Good night!—good morning! Oh! I no longer know when it is day and when it is night. I do not reckon my time by the sun any more; I count it from when I see you. . . .'

'In sixteen hours it will then again be day.'

She went to the door, but, with her hand on the knob, she turned and bent slightly back, while with one hand she raised her veil from her forehead, and looked lingeringly at him with her tender eyes.

'Napoleon,' she whispered softly, almost inaudibly. It was very seldom she dared to pronounce his Christian name, by which nobody called him any longer, not even his mother, but the peculiar sound of which she adored in the depths of her heart.

The next moment she was gone. Bonaparte seated himself smilingly at his writing-table, and immediately opened his large portfolio."

Dr. Brandes puts his finger on the special strength of this romance when he says, "Certainly, Bonaparte was never loved in real life as . . . he is loved by Edmée (and by the authoress)." The authoress's love for Napoleon is the making of the book. She has so thoroughly persuaded herself into an attachment for him, that the reader is bound to go on and on. This is the lover she would have a lover to be; and as the description of every woman's ideal lover is interesting, the book is interesting. Again Edmée possesses the authoress's ideal attitude towards the ideal lover, hence Edmée, being a genuine (although imaginary) creation, is interesting too. But it is not an honestly good book. The glamour soon wears off, and then weakness after weakness is detected, to say nothing of the unreality of the whole. But entertaining and voluptuous—yes!

A GREAT "COACH."

By the death of Mr. Walter Wren, India and aspirants to the Indian Civil Service have suffered a loss which, for some time at least, will be irreparable. Mr. Wren, who died on Friday last, was an instance of a man sorely handicapped in the race for success, yet acquitting himself with real distinction. Soon after completing his university course Mr. Wren was attacked by spinal disease as the result of a kick. "Such a misfortune" [says a writer in the *Daily News*] "would have overcome most men, but it did not master Mr. Wren. Though debarred from all activity of body, and compelled to maintain a horizontal position, he devoted himself to preparing pupils for the Indian Civil Service and other public examinations, and with such signal success that for several years 50 per cent. of his pupils passed the examinations, and in the last year of the old regulations he passed 9 candidates out of 13. In preparing candidates for the Army and the Home Civil Service he was hardly less successful, and for many years 'Wren's' has enjoyed an extraordinary prestige as the only sure portal to the Services."

Naturally this unique success caused many heartburnings in other quarters, and Mr. Wren, as we have seen, was called every sort of disparaging name. As a matter of fact, however, he was not at all a "crammer." His system was not in the slightest that of giving a smattering in many subjects. On the contrary, *non multa sed multum* was his motto; a *minimum* of subjects and thorough knowledge of these were what he urged upon his pupils.

"The popular idea of a crammer [said Wren, on one occasion] is that of a man who stuffs his pupil with knowledge as they fatten chickens, by means of a tube through which prepared food is forced into their gullets. But there is a difference between crammers and chicken fatteners, for the pupil of the crammer, instead of growing fat like the chicken, is expected to be able to secrete, or rather to exude on examination day, the material with which he has been previously gorged. Anything more utterly opposed to true education could hardly be imagined, unless, indeed, it be the system—inefficient, slovenly, and contemptible—which prevails at most of our public schools."

He was naturally proud of beating the public schools, and his success was certainly an extraordinary triumph for individual energy.

What, it may be asked, was the secret of Mr. Wren's success? Individual attention was part of it. He had a remarkable aptitude for discerning a boy's tastes and capacity, and he made each pupil concentrate on those studies for which he was most fitted. Secondly, he was a thorough business man and a relentless disciplinarian. There was great strength of will in his fragile frame, and he had the art of impressing it upon his pupils.

He said on another occasion :

"The moment I find any pupil weakening or impairing his chances of success at the examination—and every failure at an examination, be it remembered, brings discredit upon my teaching—I am down upon him. I don't preach to him and discourse solemnly upon his fate in the next world if he continues to indulge his passions in this. I say to him there and then, short and sharp, 'Look here, my boy; you stop that or you go. Your father has paid me to put you through, and if you do as I tell you I will put you through; but if you won't I keep your money and send you about your business.'"

Next to his scholastic work, Mr. Wren's interest was in politics. Ever an ardent Radical, he was one of the six founders of the National Liberal Club, and he contested several constituencies, though without success. For the London County Council, however, he was more successful, being elected to the first Council "solely upon public grounds, without canvassing, or being personally known to the constituency"—that constituency being North-east Bethnal Green. During his worst days, he lived, as we have seen, on his couch; during his best, he walked with the aid of two sticks. For some time past, a combination of maladies, brought on by the spinal disease, had gradually undermined his strength. "I should like," he once said, "to have inscribed on my tombstone :

"Here lies Walter Wren, the greatest friend of the British father who sends his sons to the public schools that ever lived. His exertions forced the headmasters to give parents at least something for the money they pay them."

But an even more fitting epitaph would be one referring to the superiority of spirit over matter, and to the triumph which his tenacity of purpose and strength of character achieved over physical infirmity.

A NOVELIST OF LONDON.

In the *Weekly Sun* Miss Ethel Wheeler is writing an interesting series of articles on "London of the Novelists." Her second article deals with Mr. Justin McCarthy, to whom the interest of London (writes Miss Wheeler) is mainly the interest of the past. It is the ghosts that walk her streets that make her chiefly so delightful and dear to him.

"London was to me, first of all, the London of Shakespeare, of Addison, and Steele, of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Dickens and Thackeray," says Justin McCarthy in a recently published bit of autobiography; and he tells how he used to haunt Eastcheap, and the Temple, and Wapping Old Stairs, and Southwark Churchyard for the sake of their historic memories. "I walk miles along the streets; every name brings such associations with it," exclaims Christmas in *Dear Lady Disdain*. The Dictator, as he looks out from the window of Paulo's Hotel, near Kensington Palace, on the public-house "which bore the name and stood upon the site of the hostelry where the Pretender's friends gathered, recalls the evil fortunes of the House of Stuart. Sometimes the ghosts, not of men but of buildings, hover about the place where they once stood." Here are some ghosts of Chelsea :

"I would rather have the old tumbledown lanes, and the wooden houses hanging rickety over the water, and the old shipyards with the painted figure-heads projecting their staring eyes over the walls, and the ancient, lop-sided public-houses rotting themselves in ease on Lethe's wharf."—*Camiola*.

But what street, think you, is the most haunted in London? What place, think you, is the most haunted in the world? More haunted than lonely Karnae, than the ruin-crowned Acropolis, than the Coliseum? It is St. James's-street, by all that's wonderful!

"St. James's-street is, to the true visionary, as ghostly a spot as any ruined temple that Egypt, Greece, or Italy can offer."

Here is a procession of the ghosts that troop by :

"St. John and Swift, Harley and Harvey, Johnson and Goldsmith and wild Richard Savage, the greater Fox and the lesser Pitt, and the Walpole who wrote letters, and evil 'Q.,' and good Richardson, great Burke, and Beau Brummel and D'Orsay and Byron—what a company, what ghosts, what memories!"—*Red Diamonds*.

London is interesting by reason of its ghosts: it is beautiful by reason of their handiwork that survives them. The sordid West Central district, which figures so largely in fiction, seems to owe its charm solely to the fact of such survivals. "Here," says Justin

McCarthy, "many elements of the picturesque still abide," and he instances, among other "bits,"

"a queer red-tiled cottage, with a positive fruit garden behind it, and with latticed windows in its roof."—*A Fair Saxon*.

A sight sufficiently unexpected to fill "our West Centralist with amazement."

McCarthy's enthusiasm for London's beauty is not, however, confined to London of the past. The accusation of ugliness against modern London is, he says, singularly unjust :

"The new Chelsea that has risen on the ashes of the old might well arouse the admiration of the most exasperated foreigner. There are recently created regions in that great tract of the earth's surface known as South Kensington which in their quaintness of architectural form and braveness of red brick can defy the gloom of a Civic March or November."—*The Dictator*.

The newer school of writers, however, have taught us that the real beauty of London is not to be found in its buildings, ancient or modern, but in its unique atmospheric effects, the hurtling of London clouds, the mists on the Thames, the sunshine on tram line or telegraph wire. Justin McCarthy feels this in a dim, groping way: "It is June, and London is delicious," he says; and, again, "It was a beautiful autumn day. London looks to great advantage on one of these rare days." Indeed, this writer has a considerable feeling for London colour, and some susceptibility to the charm of London haze, and in *Miss Misanthrope* he attempts a long description of "a curious and very lovely sight," a fog over Regent's Canal at moonrise, in which he contrasts "the murky line of the water in the fog, the blackish grey of the spectral trees seen dimly through it, and then shades of softening grey," which melt imperceptibly into pale blue and the "glittering effulgent yellow in which the moon was circled." The description suffers from extreme prolixity; if he had but concentrated "his nebulous vapour into a star"!

Yet, despite this prolixity, these passages descriptive of the country in London are, perhaps, the most successful in his books. Indeed, there are several London trees that he has endowed with actual individuality. Chiefly, however, the Lebanon cedar remains in memory—the Lebanon cedar that lifts one into "a realm of beauty, and imagination, and memory, and brings thoughts and fancies of far-off lands, and Eastern skies, and Arabian Nights, and Sacred waters." This cedar stands in the Physic Garden of Chelsea—another of those London backwaters—which the Society of Apothecaries have just intimated that they are unable any longer to maintain. The beauty of this cedar, you notice, is the beauty of association; so the trees and fields of London are beautiful because they shadowily recall the trees and fields that lie remote beyond it. They are, as it were, the mirage of the desert of London, offering a divine freshness, a primeval vigour, which vanishes as we approach :

"Few sensations can be more sweet and tantalising than the sudden illusion of the country in the midst of London. It is like the breath of the west wind, that on a soft, mild winter day deludes and delights one for a moment with the thought that spring has come."—*Donna Quixote*.

In *Dear Lady Disdain* Justin McCarthy laments that we are not able periodically to watch "the edifying spectacle of the deserving and the undeserving persons passing each other as in an ascending and descending bucket, the one mounting heavenwards to Belgravia, the other going mournfully down for his sins to New Cross." Like Thackeray, he is always pondering on the moral cause of the decline and fall, and the elevation of districts. What were the virtues "that earned for South Kensington the title to go up?" he asks. But Belgravia and South Kensington are, he realises, Paradises not to the tastes of all. He wonders how people can prefer certain "shabby stifling little dens of gentility" in Mayfair, to "a mansion and grounds at Denmark Hill or Highgate." He himself has an affection for the lower planes of Chelsea; but his heart is given to Hampstead. Perhaps he does not take Hampstead quite so seriously as Dr. Robertson Nicoll and the Hampstead young men would desire. It is "a peaceful, a sleepy hollow, an amiable, elevated lubberland, affording to London the example of a kind of suburban Nirvana"; and with its "quaintly gabled, much verandahed, pointed, brilliant" red houses; it looks "like the Merrie England of a comic opera." And so we will leave this kindly and genial personality, standing on his beloved Heath, and looking out over the "vast agglomeration of buildings," "the countless spires" of the great city, to which, Irishman as he is, he has given so much of his love.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1896.

No. 1371, New Series.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. G. N. CURZON, the new Viceroy of India, is the author of three important books—*Russia in Central Asia*, 1889; *Persia and the Persian Question*, 1892; and *Problems of the Far East*. The first edition of *Problems of the Far East*, which bears as sub-title "Japan—Korea—China," appeared in August, 1894, within a few weeks of the firing of the first shot in the Far Eastern war, with this dedication, which has a peculiar interest at this time:

"TO THOSE

WHO BELIEVE THAT THE BRITISH EMPIRE IS, UNDER PROVIDENCE, THE GREATEST INSTRUMENT FOR GOOD

THAT THE WORLD HAS SEEN,

AND WHO HOLD, WITH THE WRITER, THAT ITS WORK, IN THE FAR EAST, IS NOT YET ACCOMPLISHED,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED."

A fourth edition of *Problems of the Far East* was published in 1896.

THE new Viceroy has a fine and catholic taste in letters. Each chapter-head of *Problems of the Far East* has its quotation from Wordsworth, or Horace, or Clough, or Cicero, or Virgil, or Tennyson; and the title-page bears this curious passage from *Purphas, His Pilgrimes*:

"And first we must begin with Asia, to which the first place is due, as being the place of the first Men, first Religion, first Cities, Empires, Arts; where the most things mentioned in Scripture were done; the place where Paradise was seated, the Arke rested, the Law was given, and whence the Gospel proceeded; the place which did bear Him in His flesh, that by His Word beareth up all things."

At Oxford Mr. Curzon won the Lothian Essay Prize, 1893, the Arnold Essay Prize, 1894; and his Balliol rhymes are not forgotten. Mr. Curzon's uncle was the author of *The Monasteries of the Levant*.

It was mentioned by one of our contributors last week that M. Maeterlinck's new book will be one of the publications of the autumn. Messrs. George Allen & Co. have, as a matter of fact, announced it for October, though we believe the intention was originally to produce it in September. It will be published simultaneously here and in Paris, Mr. Alfred Sutro, who was so successful in his version of the *Treasure of the Humble*, being again responsible for the English rendering. As it is evident to every student of M. Maeterlinck's career that his is a growing and developing mind, we may assume that alike in style and thought *Wisdom and Destiny* will be a very distinct advance on its predecessor. The hearty welcome accorded to the *Treasure* afforded proof that, in skilful hands, the essay, despite the preponderance of fiction, is still able to command a large number of readers. For the other, Gabriel Rossetti used to say that after passing a particular point a man's reputation grows of itself. This crisis, we believe, has long been passed by M. Maeterlinck, and it is a safe prophecy that his new venture will multiply the number of his readers.

THE arrangement of the discount question which the publishers and booksellers are now pondering is, of course, a compromise. To be accurate, it is the publishers who are pondering over it, for the booksellers and authors have made up their minds. The proposal is: (1) To retain the 3d. discount on all books published at six shillings and under; (2) to reduce the discount on all books published at more than six shillings to 2d. It is considered that this will greatly relieve the situation. The man who can afford to give more than six shillings for a book can afford (it is presumed) to pay a fuller price. From him that hath shall be taken away a penny of that which he hath: such is the new rule.

THE difficulty of enforcing the new regulation among the booksellers themselves has, of course, been considered. And an ingeniously simple plan, devised, we believe, by Mr. Thomas Burleigh, Secretary of the Booksellers' Association, is likely to be adopted. It can be illustrated thus. A book is published at 10s. It is not a net book, and therefore its selling price will be 10s. less 2d. in the shilling discount, i.e. less 10 × 2d = 1s. 8d. This book, therefore, will sell at 8s. 4d. Now, under the new scheme, the book will be invoiced to the bookseller at 8s. 4d. That is to say, the bookseller will be charged precisely the sum he will himself charge for the book, but with a discount of 20 per cent. allowed conditionally on his selling the book at 8s. 4d. The invoice, therefore, translated into epistolary form, amounts to this:

I, — (publisher), herewith supply you, — (bookseller), with a copy of — at the price of 8s. 4d., payable in one month. Conditionally on your retailing the book at the same price, I will allow you a discount of 20 per cent. for your working expenses and profit. But if you sell the book for a less sum than 8s. 4d. I will allow you no discount whatever.

Thus the bookseller's mere acceptance of the book, and its accompanying invoice, is virtually a contract to sell the book at the regulation price. He may take the contract, or refuse it; but if he takes it he must keep it.

AMONG the lesser gods of fiction Mr. Anstey holds high place. His workmanship is deft, his characterisation sure, and his humour is his own. One grave fault he has, he does not write often enough. To be sure, an artist so punctilious about the central motive of his narrative (no motive, no story might be his motto) must produce slowly, and must totter in his walks when he thinks of the output of the machinists of fiction.

THEREFORE, we were really glad to hear, a few weeks ago, that Mr. Anstey was finishing a new novel, called *Love Among the Lions*. The first part is printed in the August number of the *Idler*, but, alas! *Love Among the Lions* is not a novel. It is only a little story in two parts, a jolly little story, but only a little one. If you want to be reminded how a "motive" should be handled, and how delightful quite simple humour can be when it is spontaneous, read *Love Among the Lions*. Mr. Anstey's humour is akin to Mr. Andrew Lang's.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is engaged upon a critical work upon our living poets. The book is not, as might be supposed, an expansion of the lecture which Mr. Archer delivered to the Society of Women Journalists last year. On the contrary, the lecture was an offshoot of the book, which was conceived at a much earlier date.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S autobiography is the book of the near future. According to the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News*, the book was secured by the firm of Cotta, of Leipzig and Stuttgart, in 1891. In that year Herr Kröner, a partner, visited Bismarck at Friedrichsruh. The aged statesman told him that he had been offered astounding sums of money by foreign publishing houses for his memoirs, but that as a German he wished them to be published in Germany. The correspondent says:

"The outcome was a contract with Herr Kröner. The publishers bound themselves not to break the seal of the packet containing the MS. until eight or fourteen days after the death of the Iron Chancellor. The sheets are for the most part in the Prince's own handwriting, and only the addenda are written by Dr. Chrysander, his secretary. The memoirs have not, as certain papers have asserted, yet been set in type, and though the work of getting them ready for print will be begun in a few days, it will be some little time before it is possible to publish them, since it is intended that the book shall appear in English, French, and Italian simultaneously with the German editions, and translations invariably occupy a considerable time. It is also intended to copyright the memoirs in America, and this will also take time."

Despite obstacles, it is hoped that the book will appear before Christmas.

OTHER and less likely reports concerning Prince Bismarck's *Memoirs* have been circulated. According to one, the MS. was long ago deposited in the Bank of England for safety. With regard to the handsome offers which Prince Bismarck received from foreign publishers, there is no doubt that some of these came from England. Indeed, it has been stated that one of the most enterprising publishers in London went to Berlin some years ago and made an offer of £20,000 for the English and American copyright.

"T. P." has discovered, or at least developed, the "Poet in Bismarck." Certainly, this quotation from one of Bismarck's letters to his wife is well found:

"I took a boat, went out on the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, eyes and nose only above the tepid water, to the Rat Tower, near Bingen. There is something strangely dreamy to be in the water on a still night, slowly driven by the stream, seeing the heavens, with moon and stars above, and on either hand the wood-capped mountains, and the city spires in the moonlight, without hearing anything but one's own gentle splashing. I should like a swim like that every night. I then drank some very good wine, and sat for a long time smoking on the balcony, the Rhine below us."

THE new list of literary and other pensions, issued last Friday night as a Parliamentary paper, shows that pensions amounting to £1,200 have been charged to the Civil List. The following are among the recipients:

Mr. William Ernest Henley (in recognition of his literary merits and of his inadequate means of support) ...	£225
The Rev. Canon John Christopher Atkinson (in recognition of the value of his philological writings and researches) ...	100
The Rev. Canon Daniel Silvan Evans (in recognition of his labours on the Welsh Dictionary and of his services to Welsh literature generally) ...	100
Miss Janet Mary Oliphant (in consideration of the literary eminence of the late Mrs. Oliphant) ...	75
The Rev. Dr. John Cunningham Geikie (in recognition of his services to theological literature) ...	50
Dr. John Beattie Crozier (in addition to the pension of £50 granted to him in 1894, in consideration of his philosophical writings and researches) ...	50
Miss Mary Whympster Isabella Shilleto (in consideration of the eminence of her late father, the Rev. R. Shilleto, as a classical scholar and teacher, and of her inadequate means of support) ...	50
Dr. William Chatterton Coupland (in consideration of his labours as a writer upon philosophical subjects) ...	50
Mr. Joseph Robinson (in consideration of his services to music in Ireland) ...	50

The official document rendered Mr. Henley's name as William Ernest Hanley.

HERE is balm for the Scot, whose dialect is rather under a cloud. A German philologist has discovered that a bargain can be driven in a certain Scottish dialect without the use of a single consonant. Take the conversation first in our barbarous English:

"Wool?"
 "Yes, wool."
 "All wool?"

"Yes, all wool."
 "All one wool?"
 "Oh, yes, all one wool."

Now if the wool-dealers were Scots they could carry on the same conversation as follows:

"U?"
 "Ei u."
 "Ae u?"
 "Ei a u."
 "Ae e u?"
 "U ei, a e u."

THE passage of arms between Mr. Hall Caine and Archdeacon Sinclair is agreeable reading even to Churchmen. So far, the novelist has had the last word. The Archdeacon fired the first shot, and, being a bold man, he fired it in the very citadel of Hallcainism—at the Manx Agricultural Society's dinner, when he described *The Christian* as

"A pure and unadulterated work of imagination. There was no monastery in his archdeaconry. No such scene was possible as the quarrel about the prayer before the philanthropic meeting, and no such worldly and vulgar-minded archdeacon as Archdeacon Wealthy existed or could exist in London."

To this Mr. Hall Caine replied that there are two monasteries in London, and that the scene of the quarrel about the prayer actually occurred in a fashionable drawing-room at a meeting of a well-known philanthropic society, and the facts were reported to him by the chief victim and actor in it. The director of the society is a friend of Mr. Hall Caine's, and the presiding clergyman (he feared) a friend of Archdeacon Sinclair's. The author of *The Christian* remarked further that there were few words put into Archdeacon Wealthy's mouth which report had not already put into the mouth of some one or other living ecclesiastic of yet more exalted rank than that of the archdeacon. But he could tell Archdeacon Sinclair what ought to amuse him exceedingly, that perhaps the most disagreeable task which the publication of *The Christian* imposed upon him was that of preventing a writer on a prominent London newspaper from publicly—and, of course, erroneously—asserting that Archdeacon Wealthy was a portrait of Archdeacon Sinclair himself.

A FRENCH newspaper, the *Quinzaine*, has collected the views of the eminent as to what qualities, in their opinion, go to the making of a good writer. A number of replies were received, of which we quote two. Here is M. Maurice Barrès' reply:

"One who has something to tell me, and his chief effort should be one of attention, namely, to keep his mind closely enough fixed upon his thought to succeed in disencumbering the expression of it which he offers me. August Comte is, in my view, a good writer. . . . And for the same reasons I consider Stendhal and Balzac for the most part good writers."

And here is M. Marcel Prévost's:

"The good writer appears to me to be he whose style and thought mutually balance as the two members of an equation. Or, if a less geometrical formula be desired, he whose style is, for his thought, a perfectly adjusted and transparent garment."

THE convulsion among American literary papers, as a consequence, apparently, of the war with Spain, is somewhat extraordinary. It is impossible, indeed, not to suspect that literary journalism in America had been overdone, and that the war has been the excuse for withdrawal rather than the direct cause of it. The *Chap-Book*, as we have already noted, has merged itself in the *Dial*. We are now in receipt of the first monthly number of the *Critic*, this excellent organ having abandoned its weekly issues. We are rather alarmed to find the diminished *Critic* and the swollen *Dial* emitting cock-crows as follows:

"The *Dial* says that now, since the *Critic* has become a monthly, it has the literary field all to itself. Don't be so sure of that, my dear Mr. Browne. The *Critic* still is, and will continue to be, in the words of the London ACADEMY, the first literary journal in America." Clearly, we must be careful.

MEANWHILE, we sadly acknowledge that these changes are our loss. We liked our fortnightly *Chap-Book* and we liked our weekly *Critic*. The last-named paper—henceforth to be considered a magazine—has not changed its character except in the particular noted; and the "Lounge's" notes run to 32 goodly pages. The "Author at Home" is Mrs. Deland.

As the Mrs. Deland article was much paragraphed in advance, we are not surprised to find that it is a budget of personal traits and tattle, and a ratification of the sacred alliance between literature and upholstery:

"The maid-servant in attendance disappears in search of her mistress, passing up the carved white staircase with crimson carpeting, placed to the left, and treated with due regard to decorative effect."

"An india-rubber plant that is fast assuming proportions which threaten its banishment spreads its glossy leaves in the middle of the library, and, overlaid as it is, one cannot fail to observe," &c.

"In presiding at her table . . . it is simply astonishing how she [Mrs. Deland] continues to hold her place in the general conversation, while quietly mixing and adding the ingredients out of which some particularly delicious plat [Mrs. Deland is using a chafing-dish] is to evolve. . . . It is the very poetry of cooking."

THE magazine war has reached a curious stage. Messrs. Harmsworth announce that newsagents will be entitled to charge 3½d. for No. 2! The announcement of this concession is headed with the rather cryptic words:

"AT LAST."

"All the orders for No. 1 of the *Harmsworth Magazine* (amounting to 867,000 copies) have been executed, and your newsagent can now get as many copies as he requires. No. 2 will be published on August 22, and, in order that newsagents may be enabled to defray the heavy carriage on so bulky a production, they will be entitled to charge 3½d. for it."

THE series of articles which we published last autumn, and early in this year, on

"The London of the Writers" has a counterpart in a similar series, confined to novelists, which Miss Ethel Wheeler is contributing to the *Weekly Sun*. Miss Wheeler began with Mr. Zangwill a fortnight ago, and last Sunday she presented Mr. Justin McCarthy as a London novelist. Extracts from this article will be found in our Supplement.

MESSRS. LONGMANS are following their re-issue of the works of Lord Macaulay by many of the other volumes in their "Silver Library." It is impossible not to remark, however, that by using gold-lettering for the covers of their books instead of silver, as hitherto, the name loses its appropriateness. However, we would rather the word were retained than the metal—the coldness of which never pleased our eyes.

MR. JOHN LANE'S many friends will rejoice to hear of his complete restoration to health. His marriage to Mrs. Eichberg King takes place to-day (Saturday), and the bride and bridegroom sail for America on Tuesday.

WE review this week in our Supplement a new Napoleonic novel, entitled *A Romance of the First Consul*, by Mrs. Malling. This lady is a Swede, and resides in Copenhagen. Her book was published four years ago, and ran through several editions. Mrs. Malling has written other books, including a romance based on the life of Rousseau.

QUOTING the new Southey letters from *Blackwood*, we gave an extract from a letter in which Southey declared he could do two things better than one; hence he was planning another heroic poem on which to work whenever *Kehama* dragged. It would be interesting to learn how far modern authors act on this principle. One supposes that Mr. Baring-Gould wrote some of his stories and some of his *Lives of the Saints* together, like Southey. It is said that a lady once asked him whether he was the author of "those beautiful lives of the saints," or "those atrocious novels." We note that Lord Ronald Gower has suspended his work in connexion with the *History of the Tower of London*, which he undertook not long ago, in order that he may proceed without embarrassment with his *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*. Every man decides for himself how he will work.

THIS self-conscious little passage is also from the Southey letters:

"A man loses many privileges when he is known to the world. Go where I will my name has gone before me, and strangers either receive me with expectations that I cannot gratify, or with evil prepossessions that I cannot remove. It is only in a stage-coach that I am on an equal footing with my companions, and it is there that I talk the most and leave them in the best humour with me."

MAJOR J. B. POND, the well-known director of various literary and lecture bureaux in America, has just received a medal of

honour for an act of gallantry he performed thirty-five years ago. It is given under the Act of Congress providing for "the presentation of medals of honour to such officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates as have most distinguished themselves in action." The letter from the Secretary of War notifying the award is dated, "Washington, March 22, 1898." The following is a statement of the particular service:

"At Baxter Springs, Kansas, October 5, 1863, this officer, then First Lieutenant, 3rd Wisconsin Cavalry Volunteers, and commanding two companies of cavalry, was attacked by several times his own number of the enemy's guerrillas, whom he successfully resisted. The only field-piece was a howitzer, outside the breastwork. Calling upon his men to follow, he went outside the protection of his works, but finding himself alone he loaded and fired the gun three times unaided. All the prisoners who fell into the enemy's hands were murdered."

In our Supplement we quote an interesting obituary account of the late Mr. Walter Wren. Among personal tributes to his worth none is more emphatic than that which Sir Walter Besant has sent to the *Times*. Sir Walter speaks of Mr. Wren with the authority of a life-long friendship. He knew Mr. Wren when his prospects were first blighted by his terrible spinal affection. This disease, says Sir Walter, was accompanied by the most cruel sufferings. It was eight years before he could take his degree; and then, afflicted and handicapped, Mr. Wren "deliberately chose a career which demands the greatest possible energy and the greatest possible power of work . . . he resolved to become a coach for the various competitive examinations which were then one after the other offering a career to young men, and especially for the Indian Civil Service." Sir Walter's tribute becomes warmer as it proceeds:

"I have never known in man a spirit so indomitable and a resolution so unconquerable. I do not know of any instance in which so much has been done against odds so fearful, under conditions so grievous. It was Prometheus bound, but at work, as well as the eagle. As regards his work, it was for a long time the fashion to call Wren a crammer. He was in no sense a crammer. He was a great teacher; he was also a great administrator. He perceived that the requirements of the higher branches of the Civil Service involved a more careful individual training than the public schools can generally give. He supplied that training. . . . He sent up his men for examination notoriously best prepared in those subjects which do not admit of cramming, such as languages and mathematics. His whole secret was to teach well and only to teach those lads who will work; those who refused to work he sent away. He made them understand that if they were to get what they wanted—the highest places in the successful list—they must put work before every other consideration. 'Madame,' he wrote to a lady who complained that her son did not go to church, 'my business is to fit your boy for the Indian Civil Service, not for the Kingdom of Heaven.' He took for many years his own share in the work, and in the teaching of history he had, it was said, no equal. Of literary work he did but little. I only remember a single paper from his pen; it was on 'Warwick the King Maker,' and it appeared some years ago in the *Quarterly Review*. He

contemplated at one time an essay on education and the public schools, but I think it was never written."

The Greyfriar contains a remarkable drawing, by Mr. Gulich, of Mr. Forbes Robertson. Artist and actor are both Old Carthusians.

"BORN IN THE PURPLE" is the title of Mr. Anthony Hope's next story. It will appear serially in *The Queen*.

THE following good story is quoted by "A Man of Kent" in the *British Weekly*:

"An American editor was told by a friend that a novel had been written by a brilliant young lady of New York, an heiress, of course, and everything besides. The story was well spoken of, and the editor expressed his willingness to read it. The young lady, however, said she would prefer to read the tale to him, so that she might profit by his suggestions. An evening was accordingly arranged. Unfortunately, the previous night the editor celebrated the birthday of a popular American poet till four o'clock in the morning. After this and a hard day at his office, he was not precisely in the mood to go to hear a story, but duty is duty, especially with editors. He arrived at the novelist's house, and was received with great ceremony, and ushered into the library, where his hostess, in an elaborate evening frock, was waiting for him. She soon began to read in a delightful musical contralto, which soothed the rasped nerves of the editor to such an extent that every few moments he had to sit up quickly to keep his head from falling forward. At last, however, he succumbed. His head nodded, then drooped, and then rested peacefully on his right shoulder. When he woke up he found himself alone in the room. An electric light was burning in the hall, and he hurried out to look at his watch. It was half-past twelve. He had been sleeping three hours and a half. Not a sound could be heard but the ticking of a clock. The editor walked softly and humbly down the stairs. In the hall he met the solemn butler, who, without even the suggestion of a smile, helped him on with his coat and opened the door, and closed it noiselessly behind him. Since that time, although the editor wrote a letter of apology to the authoress, he has received no communication from her."

By the death of Prof. Georg Ebers, at the age of sixty-one, the world has lost a great Egyptologist and a novelist of considerable power. Georg Maurice Ebers was born in Berlin in the year of Queen Victoria's accession. Educated, in the first instance, at Fröbel's School, and afterwards at the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen, Ebers quickly developed into an archaeologist of the highest promise. In 1865 he settled at Jena, where he became Extraordinary Professor of Egyptology in 1868. In 1869 he travelled in Africa and Egypt, returning to take up the Professorship of Egyptology at Leipzig. The years 1872 and 1873 saw Prof. Ebers again in Egypt, when he discovered the famous papyrus which bears his name, and contracted the spinal disease which crippled him until his death. Prof. Ebers' researches are perhaps hardly now abreast of scholarship. On another page we print a study of his art as a novelist.

THE ART OF GEORG EBERS.

It is little more than a year ago that the ACADEMY helped to swell the chorus of congratulation which greeted Georg Ebers on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday. To-day it is our sad task to review the completed work of his long and crowded life, to pay our last homage to the skilled weaver of historical romances, who, full of honours and of years, has passed away this week. For, though a German born and bred, and though he always wrote for his fellow-countrymen, the memory of Georg Ebers will be held in honour by the civilised world at large, and nowhere in higher honour than in this country. For by the merit of his art the author of *An Egyptian Princess*, for all that he wrote in an alien tongue and looked on life, in many ways, with other eyes, won an English audience to whose taste and sympathies he never appealed in vain. The bare fact that there is not one of his historical romances which has not been translated into our language almost as soon as it had appeared in Germany is evidence of his popularity with English readers that speaks for itself. And with the exception, perhaps, of Gustav Freytag, Ebers was the only German novelist of modern times who has made his name far sounded among men beyond the borders of his own country. That his name is far sounded there can be little room to doubt. His first work of fiction, *An Egyptian Princess*, published more than thirty years, had by the beginning of the present decade already been done into fourteen European languages. It is probably more widely read to-day, though by no means the finest example of his craft, than it was when it first appeared in 1864. His work has therefore stood the test of time for more than one generation, and there are no signs that its popularity is declining. In the face of these facts it is, therefore, hardly an exaggeration to say that the death of Georg Ebers is a loss to the reading world. Certainly few English readers, who can appreciate what is best and loftiest in the literature of fiction, will grudge the tribute of a kindly thought to the great novelist who has fallen asleep in a foreign land, on the shores of the Starnberger See.

Though we may well recognise in Georg Ebers a master who towers head and shoulders above the dreary level of literary mediocrity, it would be presumptuous now to attempt to decide the rank he is destined to hold in the Vahalla of literature. Whether his laurels are evergreen is a question to which only posterity can give the right answer. For all the great and striking merits of his work, it must be admitted that its defects are not a few. There is a sameness about many of his Egyptian romances, and its characters are at times contorted into anachronisms in the author's endeavour to force them into their Egyptian setting without offending the tastes and sympathies of his nineteenth century readers. Georg Ebers, it must be remembered, wrote in the first instance for a very definite circle of readers. In every German household his novels were looked up as desirable literature for the young person. His latest novel was almost invariably to be

found under every Christmas-tree in respectable middle-class houses. And a man who revolutionised the publishing trade of his country, for until the demand for his novels waxed clamorous at Christmas time, German publishers had been wont to treat the last months of the year as the deadest of the dead season, would, of necessity—after all, we live in a commercial world—keep his finger on the pulse of his public. Hence there is some truth in the charge often levelled against him by the critics of his own country that his Egyptian princesses were often rather the model young person of modern Germany than genuine daughters of the Pharaohs. To these strictures Ebers has his answer. Let the critics who denounce him for putting the idea of modern civilisation into the mouth of ancient Egypt read the old Alexandrine comedies. There is, undoubtedly, weight in this objection; but, at the same time, however high may be the standard of civilisation we may be prepared to attribute to men and women who lived and loved many centuries before the Christian era, it is with something of an effort we remember that the warm debate in the salon of Rhodopis on the subject of women's rights dates from the time of Pharaoh Amasis. So, too, the main motif of that very touching novel, *Homo Sum*, entirely upsets one's preconceived notions of progressive development of the human intellect. Some of the motives on which the action turns would be complex and subtle even at this end of the nineteenth century. Again, Ebers, at times, seems to allow the daughters of the royal house to express their emotions more frankly than would seem to be in accordance with the conventions of the times. We imagine, for example, that Bent-Anat's frank avowal, at a public banquet, of her love for Pentaur—a very pretty scene from, perhaps, the most pleasing of all his romances, *Uarda*—would have scandalised the decorous Egyptian Court—which was not wont to see its rulers make a public spectacle of their emotions—to its depths. Yet, compared with the moving human interest and the sympathetic and firm delineation of character which all his romances display, to cavil at these and similar defects is hypercriticism. It was his great achievement, as it was his first ambition, to present the actors of his dramas not as stage puppets moving stiffly in an Egyptian masque, but as men and women of flesh and blood, with like passions to ourselves. In a passage in *The Story of My Life*, describing the genesis of his first romance, Ebers himself confesses as much. "The story in Herodotus," he tells us, "of the false princess whom Pharaoh Amasis sent to wed Cambyses, and who was destined to become the cause of the war which cost the kingdom of the Pharaohs its independence, did not stand the test of criticism, but it certainly held pliable material for epic or dramatic fiction. And this story haunted me." With the glance of a true romancer, he then, as ever afterwards, was attracted by the human interests hidden away under the bald statements of history. For a certain school of German critics who dismiss his romances with a contemptuous sniff

for "Professorenromane" we have no tolerance. Provided a savant has it in him to try his hand at fiction, we see no reason why the mere fact of his being encumbered with a professorship should perforce rule him out of court. In the case of Ebers this obsession is singularly ludicrous. The great charm of his work as a novelist lies in the fact that in his romances the sterling knowledge of the scholar was so happily blended with the strong imaginative power of the artist—a rare union, indeed. For Ebers was by nature a poet, and by training, by stern self-discipline, a scholar. Research and scholarship formed the business of his life, romance its pleasure. For twelve long years, after he had tasted the sweets of success with the *Egyptian Princess*, despite the most tempting offers of honeyed-tongued publishers, he sternly declined, so he tells us in his autobiography, to write another line of fiction until he worked out his salvation as a scholar. Possibly the characteristic warning of his old master, Prof. Lepsius, made a deeper impression than he has admitted. "For heaven's sake," exclaimed the eminent professor, as he turned over the pages of his promising pupil's first published work, "don't compromise your reputation as a scholar by extravaganzas like that." It was only when failing health forced him to retire from the field of active research that Ebers allowed himself to be beguiled down the pleasant byways of romance. It is just this profound and exhaustive knowledge of the scholar that lends such a charm to these "Professorenromane." Ebers could take the dry bones of Egyptology, breathe on them the life-giving breath of his imagination, and, from the great store of his knowledge, build up and revive scenes of a dead and gone civilisation, stirring with life and glowing with colour. It was, too, this same full command of learning that enabled the artist to read the characters of the great historical figures whom he loved to depict aright. Take, for example, *The Emperor*, perhaps the finest, most life-like portrait of Hadrian ever painted.

"One of the most difficult tasks I ever set myself," Ebers confesses, "was to draw a human likeness of Hadrian, from the many sources of information, so contradictory in themselves, in the truth of which I could bring myself to believe."

And how admirably he succeeded in developing the mystic complex character of the great Emperor in the course of a most fascinating story. Amid the many groups of varied nationalities with whom he peoples his crowded stage, the great Emperor is always the figure that rivets attention. Where a half-knowledge would dismiss his character as capricious and irresponsible, a deeper insight shows the innate distinctiveness and sensitiveness of his temperament. Take, for example, the famous scene in which Keraunos, falsely accused by his enemy Gabinus, falls dead at the feet of the Emperor. While he meets the pre-
tentious dignity of the steward with quiet irony, in the specious accusation of the slanderer his demeanour changes into righteous anger and withering scorn. But when Keraunos, terrified at his master's

anger, falls dead at his feet, he is instantly all compassion. Eagerly he does all that medical knowledge can suggest for his stricken servant, but, when every remedy proves vain, with cold and chilling dignity he convicts Gabinius, who calls on all the world to see in Keraunos' death the judgment of the gods, of bearing false witness against his neighbour. Every incident throws its light on the complexities of Hadrian's character until we are forced to agree to the final verdict which the prefect of Egypt, a type of the old-world Roman *virtus*, pronounces when the slave-master brings him news of the Emperor's death:

"A great prince has passed away. The littleness that deformed Hadrian the man posterity must forget, for Hadrian the ruler was one of those men whom the Fates put in the place for which only they are fitted, and who, faithful to their duty, struggle unceasingly until their end. With wise prudence he taught himself to curb his ambition and to scorn the blame and prejudice of every Roman. . . . The Empire he delivied he traversed, reckless of frost and heat, from the one end to the other, and sought to learn all its parts as if the realm had been his entailed estate. His duty as a monarch drove him on his travels, and his restlessness made his duty easy. He was consumed with the passion to understand everything and to learn everything. Even the infinite set no limit to his lust for knowledge, and, ever eager to gaze further and probe deeper than is allowed to the human mind, he employed a great part of his mighty strength to tear down the veil that covers Fate. No man ever busied himself with so many side issues as he, and yet no other Emperor has ever kept the main purpose of his life before his eyes more resolutely than he."

Joined to his masterly skill in delineating character, Ebers always displayed a keen sense of dramatic effect. Even in his latest novel, written last year, when the burden of his years and of increasing infirmities was heavy upon him, there are many scenes, though during these latter years his stories seemed to become more mechanical and vague than were his earlier romances, will show that his artist's eye was not dimmed. Take the scene from *Arachne*, in which Hermon, the Greek sculptor, so wrapped up in his art that in every woman he woos he tries only to win a model and not a mistress, finds the Egyptian whom he has betrayed praying before the shrine of Nemesis (we are quoting Miss Safford's rather perfunctory translation):

"A dim light glimmered through the intense darkness. It came from the temple of Nemesis. . . . Two lamps were burning at the side of the door leading into the little open cella, and at the back of the shrine the statue of the winged goddess was visible in the light of a small altar fire. In her right hand she held the bridle and the scourge, at her feet stood the wheel. . . . With stern severity that boded evil, she gazed down on her left forearm, bent from the elbow, which corresponds to the ell, the just measure. . . . In the little pro-naos, directly in front of the cella door, stood a slender figure, clad in a long floating robe, stretching its hands through the cella door toward the statue in fervent prayer. She was pressing against the left lintel of the door; but at her feet, to the right, cowered another figure, which could scarcely be recognised as that of a human being.

Hermon knew them both. 'Ledscha,' escaped his lips in muffled cry, and he involuntarily stretched out his hands towards her, as she was doing toward the goddess.

But she did not seem to hear him, and the other woman also remained as if hewn from stone. Then he called her name aloud. And now she turned, and the faint light of the lamp revealed the noble outline of her profile. 'Ledscha,' he exclaimed; 'severely as I have injured you, Ledscha—oh, say not, No! Will you have me? . . . Get your answer from the goddess,' she interrupted impatiently, pointing with a grand and queenly gesture, that at any other time would have delighted his artist eye, to the statue of Nemesis in the cella. . . .

Meanwhile Gula had also turned her face to Hermon, and he now addressed her, saying, with a faint tone of reproach in his voice: 'And did your hatred lead you, too, Gula, to this sanctuary at midnight to invoke the goddess to destroy me in her wrath?'

The young mother rose and pointed to Ledscha, crying, 'She desires it!'

'And I?' he asked gently. 'Have I really done so great evil?'

She raised her hand to her brow as if bewildered; her glance fell on the artist's troubled face. . . . Hermon saw how her slight figure was trembling, and, before he had time to say a soothing word, she sobbed aloud, crying out to Ledscha: 'You are not a mother! My child, he rescued it from the flames. I will not, and I cannot. I will pray no longer for his evil!'

She drew her veil over her pretty tear-stained face as she spoke, and darted lightly down the temple steps. Bitter scorn was depicted on Ledscha's face as she gazed after Gula. She did not seem to see Hermon. . . . So he went back to the road and mounted his horse. As he did so his eyes again rested on the stern face of Nemesis and the wheel at her feet, whose turning determines the destiny of men."

The scene, even apart from its context, is singularly impressive. The flicker of light in the little temple, the sad figures of the women, the stern face of the Goddess of Retribution, the whole atmosphere of impending doom—all denote a touch of an artist's hand. Effective, and characteristic of the author's veneration for the love of motherhood is Hermon's appeal to Gula. It lends a touch of human sympathy to the grim intensity of the scene. In *Arachne*, too, there is a good example of Ebers' skill—a skill that can only be the outcome of intimate knowledge—in depicting a striking incident of the time, introduced only to lend colour to the scene (again our acknowledgments are due to Miss Safford):

"He (Hermon) stood there dripping, when loud shouts and yells were heard in the road for Pelusium, . . . and upon the flooded dyke appeared a body of men rushing forward with marvellous speed. The nearer they came the fiercer and more bewildering sounded the loud and shrill medley of their frantic shouts, mingled with hoarse laughter. . . . Most of them seemed to be powerful men. Their complexion was as light as that of the Macedonians; their fair, red, and brown locks were thick, unkempt, and tangled. Most of the reckless, defiant faces were clean-shaven, with only a moustache on the upper lip. All bore arms, and a fleece covered the shoulders of many, while chains, ornamented with the teeth of animals, hung on their white, brawny chests.

'Galatians,' Hermon heard one man shout to another. 'They came to the fortress as auxiliaries. Philippus forbade to plunder on

the pain of death, and showed them—the gods be thanked!—that he was in earnest. Otherwise this place would look as though the plagues of locusts, floods, and fire had visited it all at once.'

And Hermon thought that he had indeed never seen any human beings so fierce and daring as these Gallic warriors. The tempest which swept them on and the water through which they waded seemed only to heighten the delight, for sheer joy rang out in their exulting shouts. . . . When they saw the eyes fixed on them, they brandished their weapons, threw out their chests in conscious vanity . . . and gloated with the delight of children on the terror of the gaping crowd. . . . Lust of rapine and greed of plunder shone in many a fiery longing look, but their leaders kept them in check with their swords. So they rushed on like a thundercloud, big with destruction, that wind drives over an affrighted village."

In all Ebers' stories there are these graphic touches, in which he gives a stirring and moving picture of life and happenings among the common people of the time, not only in his Egyptian romances, but in his novels dealing with Germany and the Netherlands in the Middle Ages, which, often enough, are veritable *Kulturbilder*. The many-sidedness and the wide range of Ebers' craft were only equalled by his amazing industry. It must be remembered that the greater part of his novels were written in the rare intervals of leisure snatched from the hard work of exacting academic duties, and of scientific research and study. To give some idea of the wealth of the legacy he has left us, I have compiled a rough bibliography of the works of fiction which flowed from his pen between the years 1864 and 1897. The dates, I am aware, are very possibly open to correction, and I experience some difficulty in determining them with any degree of accuracy. The editions refer to Germany.

- 1864. *An Egyptian Princess*. Twelve editions.
- 1877. *Uarda*.
- 1878. *Homo Sum*.
- 1879. *The Sisters*. Nine editions.
- 1880. *The Emperor*.
- 1881. *The Bürgermeister's Wife: A Tale of the Siege of Leyden*.
- A Question: An Idyll Suggested by the Picture of my Friend Alma Tadema*.
- 1882. *One Word*.
- 1885. *Serapis*. Six editions.
- 1887. *The Bride of the Nile*.
- 1888. *Elifên: A Dream of the Desert* (in verse).
- 1889. *Gred: A Romance of Old Nurnberg*. Three editions.
- 1890. *Josua: A Story of Biblical Times*.
- 1891. *Three Marchen*.
- 1892. *Per Aspera*. Four editions.
- 1894. *Cleopatra*.
- 1895. *Die Uneretlichen: A Fairy Story*.
- At the Smithy Fire: A Story of Old Nurnberg*. Five editions.
- 1896. *At the Sign of the Blue Pike*. Eleven Editions.
- 1897. *Barbara Blomberg*.
- 1898. *Arachne*.

And all these long and carefully elaborated stories represent only a portion of his life-work. His scientific writings have been left out of account.

O. W.

CRUSOE SANS DEFOE.

SIR GEORGE NEWNES has prepared a highly spiced dish for the readers of his *Wide World Magazine*. A certain Louis de Rougemont has turned up after thirty years of adventure as a castaway and as a chief over savages, and his story, as told by himself by word of mouth, is now being reproduced in print, M. de Rougemont's veracity being insisted upon with sufficient emphasis. We are told that geographical experts have checked his story, and Sir George Newnes declares himself satisfied with its accuracy "in every minute particular." For ourselves, we dispute nothing. We merely remark that M. de Rougemont starts his story under two disadvantages. The first of these is that Sir George Newnes has expressed the opinion that his story has a merit beyond that of *Robinson Crusoe*, because, forsooth, Defoe drew on his imagination, whereas M. de Rougemont recounts his actual experiences. Thus is literature weighed in Southampton-street! The second is that M. de Rougemont's illustrator imparts a certain comic unreality to the very adventures which in the text we are to consider "accurate in every particular."

M. de Rougemont tells us he was born in 1844. When about nineteen his mother encouraged him to travel, and he went to Cairo and thence on to Singapore. He was the possessor of 7,000 francs, and at Singapore a Mr. Shakespeare introduced M. de Rougemont, and his money, to a Dutch pearl fisher, named Peter Jensen. With Jensen and his Malay crew our hero went pearl fishing off the coast of New Guinea, and very interesting is M. de Rougemont's account of the diving work and its dangers. One of the dangers was octopuses; and we will at once proceed to give a sample of M. de Rougemont's matter and style:

"The greatest enemy the divers had to fear in these waters was the dreaded octopus, whose presence occasioned far greater panic than the appearance of a mere shark.

These loathsome monsters would sometimes come and throw their horrible tentacles over the side of the frail craft from which the divers were working, and actually fasten on to the men themselves, dragging them out into the water. At other times octopuses have been known to attack the divers down below, and hold them relentlessly under water until life was extinct. One of our own men had a terribly narrow escape from one of these fearful creatures. I must explain, however, that each evening, when the divers returned from pearl fishing, they roped all their little skiffs together and let them lie astern of the schooner. Well, one night the wind rose and rain fell heavily, with the result that next morning all the little boats were found more or less waterlogged. Some of the Malays were told off to go and bale them out. Whilst they were at work, one of the men saw a mysterious-looking black object in the sea, which so attracted his curiosity that he dived overboard to find out what it was. He had barely reached the water, however, when an immense octopus rose into view, and at once made for the terrified man, who instantly saw his danger, and, with great presence of mind, promptly turned and scrambled back into the boat.

The terrible creature was after him, however, and, to the horror of the onlookers, it extended its great flexible tentacles, enveloped the entire

boat, man and all, and then dragged the whole down under the crystal sea. The diver's horrified comrades rushed to his assistance, and an attempt was made to kill the octopus with a harpoon, but without success. Several of his more resourceful companions then dived into the water with a big net made of rope, which they took right underneath the octopus, entangling the creature and its still living prey. The next step was to drag up both man and octopus into the whale-boat, and this done, the unfortunate Malay was at length seized by his legs, and dragged by sheer force out of the frightful embrace, more dead than alive. However, we soon revived him by putting him in a very hot bath, the water being at such a temperature as actually to blister his skin. It is most remarkable that the man was not altogether drowned, as he had been held under water by the tentacles of the octopus for rather more than two minutes. But, like all the Malays of our party, this man carried a knife, which he used to very good purpose on the monster's body when first it dragged him under the water. These repeated stabs caused the creature to keep rolling about on the surface. The unhappy man was in this way enabled to get an occasional breath of air, otherwise he must infallibly have been drowned. The octopus had an oval body, and was provided with an extraordinary number of tentacles—six very large ones and many smaller ones of varying sizes. It was a horrible looking creature, with a flat, slimy body, yellowish-white in colour, with black spots, and a hideous cavity of a mouth, without teeth. It is the tentacles of the creature that are so dreaded, on account of the immense sucking power which they possess."

We wish we could reproduce the illustration accompanying this description. It is in the best manner of the penny adventure artist; the adjective "horrible" was coined for it.

A great storm came up. Jensen had been tempted, by the discovery of three black pearls, to prolong his fishing into the dangerous season of the monsoons. One day the entire pearl fishing party was carried out to sea, leaving de Rougemont and the dog, Bruno, alone on the ship. How the twain drifted for days, gliding close to island banks from which blacks hurled spears and boomerangs at the vessel, is told in graphic style. A storm more terrible than any previous one finally wrecked the ship on the reef of a lonely island, and man and dog surveyed the cruel waves and the repellent shore.

"Up and up came the inexorable water, and at last, signalling to Bruno to follow me, I leaped into the sea and commenced to swim towards the sandbank. Of course, all the boats had been lost when the pearling fleet disappeared. The sea was still very rough, and as the tide was against us, I found it extremely exhausting work. The dog seemed to understand that I was finding it a dreadful strain, for he swam immediately in front of me, and kept turning round again and again as though to see if I were following safely.

By dint of tremendous struggling I managed to get close up to the shore, but found it utterly impossible to climb up and land. Every time I essayed to plant my legs on the beach, the irresistible backwash swept me down, and in my exhausted condition this filled me with despair. On one occasion this backwash sent me rolling over into deep water again, and I am sure I should have been drowned had not my brave dog come to my rescue and grasped me by my hair, which, I should have explained, was very long, never having been cut since my

childhood. Well, my dog tugged and tugged at me until he had got me half-way through the breakers, and this exertion didn't seem to cause him much trouble in swimming.

I then exerted myself sufficiently to allow of his letting go my hair, whilst I took the end of his tail between my teeth, and let him help me ashore in this peculiar way. He was a remarkably strong and sagacious brute—an Australian dog—and he seemed to enjoy the task. At length I found myself on my legs upon the beach, though hardly able to move from exhaustion of mind and body. When at length I had recovered sufficiently to walk about, I made a hasty survey of the little island or sandbank upon which I found myself. Thank God, I did not realise at that moment that I should have to spend a soul-killing *two and a half years* on that desolate, microscopical strip of sand! Had I done so I must have gone raving mad. It was an appalling dreary-looking spot, without one single tree or bush growing upon it to relieve the terrible monotony. I tell you, words can never describe the horror of the agonising months as they crawled by. 'My island' was nothing but a little sand-pit, with here and there a few tufts of grass struggling through its parched surface.

Think of it, ye who have envied the fate of the castaway on a gorgeous and fertile tropical island miles in extent! It was *barely a hundred yards in length, ten yards wide, and only eight feet above sea-level at high water!* There was no sign of animal life upon it, but birds were plentiful enough, particularly pelicans. My tour of the island occupied perhaps ten minutes, and you may perhaps form some conception of my utter dismay on failing to come across any trace of fresh water."

The author's descriptions of his life on this scant foothold are certainly interesting, and his experiences repeat Robinson Crusoe's rather remarkably. Returning at intervals to his wrecked ship, he brought various stores to shore on a raft, including a bow and arrows—of all weapons—with which he proposed to kill birds and animals. He lit a fire by obtaining a spark from a tomahawk and a stone, and this fire he never allowed to go out during his stay on the island. He computed his time by a dial of pearl shells and an almanack similarly constructed. He raised crops of maize and cob-corn. He built a boat, and like Crusoe found he could not convey it to the sea. But whereas Crusoe bore disappointment philosophically, M. de Rougemont beat his head with his clenched fists when he realised his error. However, M. de Rougemont could sail his boat up and down a little lagoon, and when he was tired of this he would take a ride on the back of a turtle. The picture of M. de Rougemont doing this, and steering the turtle by gently guiding its head with his outstretched feet, is a thought too convincing. The turtle is as docile as a cab-horse. Among queer things M. de Rougemont did, he made a drum out of a barrel and accompanied his own singing with a vigorous tattoo, while his dog, Bruno, howled in alternate joy and distress. "I was ready," he says, "to do almost anything to drown that ceaseless cr—ash, cr—ash of the breakers on the beach, from whose melancholy and monotonous roar I could never escape for a single moment throughout the whole of the long day and oppressive night." M. de Rougemont's narrative is undeniably interesting. It will become not less, but,

we think, more interesting when it ceases to parody that of Defoe's hero. M. de Rougemont's adventures may be "accurate in every particular," but his desert island is notable chiefly as a coincidence. And Crusoe's adventures without Defoe's style are rather like palled punch.

THE SUGGESTION BOOK IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM.

It lies on a book-rest, nearly under the zenith of the Reading Room dome. You do not often see a reader making an entry, yet the entries multiply. All such books are interesting, and this book—the most significant register in all London of man's hunger for knowledge—is worth study in an interval of waiting. Its purpose is a simple one: to enable readers to notify to the Principal Librarian their desire that books which are not in the catalogue—or which they cannot find in the catalogue—may be obtained and made available. It is the practice of the authorities to enter a reply to each suggestion in the margin. The result is a revelation of the variety of men's minds; the entries being one long confirmation of the proverb, "Every bullet finds its billet." Every book finds its reader. Think of the books that appeal to you least. Exhaust a random and malicious ingenuity; forage in the most lonesome tract of learning that you can conceive. Postulate the most uninviting books: in the British Museum Suggestion Book you will find such books in earnest, not to say piercing, demand. Books whose very titles weigh down your eyelids are here objects of impatient seeking. The variety of quests is wonderful; politicians, merchants, technicians of all kinds, theologians, archaeologists, musicians, surgeons, soldiers, travellers, foreigners—all formulate their demands for books. And, be it remembered, that the fact of the British Museum not possessing a book argues its rarity. To this there are, of course, exceptions. The absence of a book frequently argues only its newness, or its worthlessness. New books must not be looked for in the Catalogue for some months after their publication. Many readers, forgetting this, use the Suggestion Book to ask for new books; their only reward is the reminder, written in the margin, "Recent books need not be entered in this Register." It is a mistake to suppose that the British Museum Library will acquire any book which it does not happen to possess. Not long ago a reader asked that someone's *Biography of Satan* might be obtained. In a day or two the answer appeared: "Purchase not thought necessary." Another reader, who desired that *L'Illustrazione Italiana*, "the best Italian illustrated paper," might be taken in, received the same answer. Sometimes a refusal is less definite. A reader wrote:

"The *Spectator*, Vol. VIII., 1715, 8vo. The Museum does not appear to have this first reprint of what is known as 'Addison's *Spectator*,' in which Steele did not help. It has Vols. I.-VII. of 1712, 1713."

The answer to this was "Not procurable." There are many degrees of assent. "This shall be done if possible" will satisfy a reader for some weeks; "Applied for" is much better; but the best reply is the briefest, "Ordered."

Here are a few typical requests:

"*Punch Pocket Books*. Of these admired little illustrated books only an imperfect set exists in the Library. They now begin to get valuable, and I think the set should be made perfect before they get more expensive to procure."

The gentleman who wrote this was, probably, a taxpayer. In any case his regard for the Museum's purse was admirable. He received the answer: "This shall be done if possible." Another reader who inspires our respect is the gentleman who signed the following entry in the Suggestion Book:

"Allow me to draw attention to the unfortunate condition of S. P. Tregelles's translation of Gesenius' *Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon*. I believe I am chiefly responsible for the damage to the binding, having let it fall by accident, and I am willing to pay for its repair if the Principal Librarian thinks I should do so."

"The binding shall be repaired," was the forgiving reply.

Another entry:

"Best sixpenny *Cookery* by Josiah Oldfield does not appear in the Catalogue, but should, I think, be procured as it is a useful vegetarian work."

This vegetarian cookery manual (applied for on December 26!) was promptly ordered. Here is an interesting thing:

"If the *Little Londoner*, by Crone, is not in the Catalogue, I beg to suggest its purchase. It was recently published in Germany, and is by a German, in 12 mo, and about 100 or 200 pp., written in English; and it is minute directions to a German how to dress and conduct himself according to the popular usages of the English."

This book was ordered (feverishly, we imagine).

A cri du cœur:

"*Black Beetles in Amber*. By Ambrose Bierce, of San Francisco. Several of Mr. Bierce's books, written under the pseudonym of 'Dod Guile,' are in the Library. *Black Beetles in Amber* is not. Why not? It is a book that must live, because it stands for something, and that something the greatest of the Almighty has given us. *Black Beetles in Amber* is published by —. It is, I believe, out of print, and if otherwise unobtainable, I shall be prepared to present my own copy to the Library."

We are sure that the reader who desired that this book should be possessed by the nation will thank us for calling attention to it. It has one merit at all events: its title remains in the memory. The book was ordered, and presumably it can now be seen.

An example of a well-informed request is this:

"The chief authority for the life of Suckling, the poet, is *Selections from the Works of Sir John Suckling*, with a Life of the Author and Critical Remarks on his Writings and Genius, by the Rev. Alfred Suckling, LL.B. London, 1836, (Longmans.) This work does not appear in the printed catalogue, though it is in the old catalogue (841 K, 8). If lost, may I suggest that it be replaced as soon as possible?"

This student of Suckling received the gracious answer: "Thanks; this shall be remedied."

One class of entries is concerned not with the addition of books to the Library, but with the better arrangement of books already possessed by it. Every reader knows that the open shelves in the Reading Room are stocked with such books of reference as are supposed to be most in demand; and every reader, sooner or later, wishes he might have had the selection of those books. The books which he wants to consult would then have been at his elbow, instead of being buried in the interior of the Library, and procurable only by ticket. We judge, however, that the Library authorities have decided which books shall rest on the open shelves on good grounds, and that they are not very disposed to make changes. A reader wrote in the Suggestion Book:

"I am much surprised not to find a copy of Lightfoot's *Apostolic Fathers* in the reference shelves in this room. It is surely in far greater demand than many of the works on the theological shelves."

This was not the right tone, and the margin of that entry bears no answer to this day.

Another reader, bent on a similar object, wrote:

"Three weeks ago I suggested that Fiske's Supplement to Lidderdale's *Catalogue of Icelandic Books* should be placed in the Reading Room, as Lidderdale's *Catalogue* is there, but have had no answer. It is invariably the rule that a supplement to a work is placed with it, and in this case the bibliographical importance of Fiske's work is such that it alone should suffice to have it placed within reach, even if it were not a supplement to one of the works already in the Reading Room."

One could have felt a little sorry for this reader when he returned to the book a few days later and read, slantwise, the reply:

"The book is not of general interest. If any change were made it would be to remove Lidderdale's work."

Occasionally a reader's desire seems to be rather to impart information than to seek it. Take the following entry:

"? Mistake in Ordnance Survey Map, Wilts., XLII. In the road into Collingbourne Kingston from the N. a milestone is marked near South Grove Farm on the map as

M.S. { Marlborough 8
Salisbury 19

Should not this read

M.S. { Marlborough 8 ½
Salisbury 13 ½

This milestone is on the Andover, not on the Salisbury Road; the Salisbury Road joins this road at a fork, marked by a guide-post (*vide map*) about ½ mile to the north of the milestone."

This entry conveys the useful lesson that the smallest inaccuracy is an outrage in somebody's eyes.

A reader who wished that the various railway time-tables might be placed in the Reading Room was informed that they can always be seen in the Hall.

We might quote many more questions and answers; but it is enough to have shown that the Suggestion Book is a magazine of curious lore and a powerful factor in the building up of our national library.

MR. KIPLING'S "BLIND BUG."

ANGLO-INDIAN writes: "Yesterday afternoon I bought a copy of the thirteenth edition of Mr. Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*. The first five stanzas of the fine dedicatory poem to Wolcott Balestier there printed seemed to me strangely familiar. The last four stanzas I read, I am sure, for the first time. Now where had I read the first five stanzas before? The answer was, probably in the *National Observer*, some seven or eight years ago, under Mr. Henley's editorship, and in the company of 'Evarra,' 'Tomlinson,' 'Cleared,' 'The English Flag,' and other masterpieces. I went to the British Museum Newspaper Room, and there, in the *National Observer*, I found the original poem. It is called 'The Blind Bug.' I say the original poem, because the Wolcott Balestier dedicatory poem consists of five stanzas of 'The Blind Bug,' with four new ones to the memory of Mr. Balestier. Of course, Mr. Kipling has a perfect right to alter his work as he thinks fit, and the affair is probably no news to you. It gives me, at any rate, the pleasure of copying out 'The Blind Bug' from the *National Observer*, and no doubt many of your readers, who keep commonplace books, will bless my labours.

'THE BLIND BUG.

(COUNTY OF LONDON SESSIONS: 17 AND 18 DECEMBER, 1890.)

'Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through utter darkness hurled,
Further than ever comet flared, or vagrant star-dust swirled,
Live such as sailed and fought and ruled and loved and made our world.

They are purged of pride because they died,
they know the worth of their bays;
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the elder days;
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.

'Tis theirs to sweep through Azrael's keep,
where the clanging legions are,
To buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes forth to war,
Or hang with the reckless seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth, they do not grieve for her pain;
They know of toil and the end of toil; they know God's law is plain;
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport, who know that sin is vain.

And oft-times cometh our wise Lord God, Master, of every trade,
And tells them tales of his daily toil, of Edens newly made,
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid.

To those who are cleansed of black Desire, Sorrow, and Lust, and Shame—
Gods for they know the heart of men, men for they stooped to Fame—
To these, a peer 'mid his courtly peers, the Curate of Meudon came.

"I have fished for frogs in the stagnant dark, and here is my catch," quoth he,
The soul of a little Lawyer Clerk that whines like an angry bee.

"Brethren all"—and they saw it crawl in the open palm released—

"This bug hath flown from a New Sorbonne to call me a filthy priest.

"Yes, it must turn to a guild to learn the nature of right and wrong,
And wear its Soul at its button-hole and finger it all day long,
And lose its Soul if a gipsy troll the catch of a lewd old song."

He flipped the blind bug into the dark, and grinned Gargantua's grin:
The Great Gods heaved them back, and laughed till Heaven shook to the din—
And O, to have heard the Great Gods laugh, I had sinned the blind bug's sin.'

The two poems practically agree down to the end of the fifth stanza, except for such verbal alterations as:

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep when Azrael's outposts are,'
into

'Tis theirs to sweep through Azrael's keep, where the clanging legions are.'

In the dedicatory poem to Mr. Balestier the last four stanzas of 'The Blind Bug' are omitted, and the following substituted:

'To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped to Fame,
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of Earth—
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board—the Strong Men ranged thereby,
Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness hurled,
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His world.'

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

XVI.—A VILLAGE SHOPKEEPER.

HE stood resting an ample and well-filled apron on his counter, as a casual customer read out from the local paper that Fry had knocked up 50 in forty minutes. A moment of tense silence ensued.

"And then the rain came on," said the casual customer. "Then the rain came on."

Behind him and on either side of him and above him were bacon, and cheese, and butter, and boots, and lemon syrup and tobacco, and hats and leggings, and—yes—shuttlecocks. For being in the country, and pressed for amusement, we were minded to play badminton, and I was deputed to search for shuttlecocks.

"Then the rain came on," said the casual customer mournfully.

"It's rather difficult to get papers here," I remarked. "Is there a village reading-room?"

"There is, and there isn't," said the shopkeeper, with evident pride in his

paradox. "Meaning that it's only open in the winter. Squire he don't hold with folks reading when they ought to be working on the land; and Squire he give the reading-room to the village, and it ain't good manners to look a gift horse in the mouth."

"Ah, and they have papers there."

"Papers—and books, so they tell me."

"Don't you go and read there yourself?" I asked.

"No. There's not many goes. I've never been. Excepting"—and here his apron extended still further over the counter—"excepting when there's a parish meeting, and then I'm bound to be there. I'm overseer."

"The rain came on," murmured the casual customer.

"What sort of books are there?" I asked.

"Oh, good books, so I'm told. History, and geography, and so on."

"And novels, of course?"

"No, not novels. Squire he don't hold with novels, nor cards—least not for the village lads."

"But don't you want to read novels yourself?"

"Me!" He laughed. "I'm not a reading man. I like to get a bit of news now and then"—he nodded to the casual customer—"and there's good tales, too, in the Horsham paper, if you follow 'em up week after week. But novels!"

"Rain," said the casual customer, jerking his head up and down.

"What I think about novels," continued the shopkeeper, "they all seem to end the same. Read one and you've read 'em all. Now my wife, she's a regular novel reader, least she was when she was younger, before the children came. What's more, she beleft 'em all."

"She what?"

"Beleft 'em, every word. Used to cry over 'em."

"After all," I said, "I daresay you find plenty to do without books."

"Ah, you may say so. What with the shop, and the parish work, and the bit of land to look after—well, if there wasn't a book in the reading-room summer nor winter I shouldn't grumble. A game of cards of a winter evening, or bagatelle, that's all I want. I think you'll find they shuttlecocks about right."

C. R.

IN SEARCH OF THE APOCRYPHA.

I HAD been brought up to consider that there was something irreligious in the reading of the Apocrypha. Now that I had reached man's estate and could judge for myself, I determined to read it.

There was no copy in the house. I decided to buy one. The decision recurred to me about a week later when I was buying my evening papers, for my eye fell upon a row of Bibles, Prayer-books, and Hymn-books on the shelf behind the counter.

"St. James's and Evening News, please," I said, "and have you a copy of the Apocrypha?"

The young lady behind the counter handed me the evening papers, and looked doubtfully at the piles of literature around her.

"I don't think we have a copy left, sir," she said.

"Then can you order me one," I asked.

"Let me see, sir, is it a weekly?" she said. "There are so many of these —"

"No," I said, "it's a sort of book—been out for years; it's a part of the Bible, in fact."

The young lady blushed, and hedged.

"Oh, yes; of course, sir, I know; but I thought perhaps—perhaps it was coming out in weekly parts. They *do* bring out books that way, you know."

I put down my three-halfpence and had reached the door, when, with an evident wish to help me, she said:

"If it's an old book—it is an old book?" I nodded.

"Well, there's a second-hand bookshop in the Brompton-road; I expect you could get one there."

I knew the shop well. But as I happened to pass a Free Library I looked in there first.

No. They had no copy. There was no demand for the Apocrypha. But there were one or two works on the Apocrypha under the head of "theology." They did not attract me. I had determined to get the Apocrypha itself. It was inconceivable that so famous a work should not exist.

My search lasted for several weeks, with intervals for other and more successful pursuits. One of Smith's bookstall-men told me—in a tone of apology—that it was out of print. The information threw me back on the second-hand bookshop, and there I got very close to my quarry. The proprietor, a man of slow speech and deliberate movement, had seen, in the course of a long life, several Bibles which contained the Apocrypha. One of them had been in his shop a week ago, but it had gone to a gentleman at Cricklewood. Yes, he had read the Apocrypha himself, and had found a deal of fine philosophy in it. But it wasn't asked for.

I was thinking of abandoning the search, and resigning myself to remaining in ignorance of Susannah, when I found myself one morning in the bookshop at the corner of Holywell-street, which persistently refuses to answer to its new name.

"By the way, have you the Apocrypha?" I asked.

The particular shopman of whom I inquired is never at a loss. His eyes assumed an inward look as though he were searching the recesses of his memory.

"We have no copy in stock," he said.

"But there is an edition published by—one of the University Presses at half-a-crown, or something like that. I'll look it up and order it for you."

I thanked him as soon as I could recover from my astonishment.

"It's the first time I've ever heard a customer ask for it," he said as I turned to go.

I am expecting it now by every post. I had begun to suspect that the Apocrypha itself was apocryphal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HISTORICAL ACCURACY.

SIR,—In an article on Endymion Porter in the current number of *Temple Bar* the author refers to my life of Sir Walter Raleigh as his authority for the statement that in 1603, at the age of sixteen, the third Count de Olivares (Gaspar de Guzman) made an important speech which changed the policy of Spain towards the English succession.

In the interests of historical accuracy I am anxious to be allowed to record the fact that nothing I have written bears out this reference. The speech in question, of which a summary will appear in my forthcoming fourth volume of Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth, was made, not by the Conde Duque, but by his father, the second Count de Olivares, that haughty ambassador at Rome who, in 1586, cajoled and bullied Sixtus V. into promising vast sums to aid the Armada.—Yours, &c.,

MARTIN A. S. HUME.

August 6, 1898.

THE NEW PRINTING.

SIR,—The extracts which you gave last week from Mr. Albert Louis Cotton's article in the *Contemporary Review* on Mr. William Morris's influence on modern printing would please and interest those people who have persuaded themselves that the new styles of artistic printing are meritorious and important. For myself, these styles have little meaning and less charm. I have not bowed the knee in the house of Kelmscott, and I loathe borders, and I want initials plain. So as a counterblast to the *Contemporary*, please let me quote the following from the current *Blackwood*. The writer is reviewing Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly's edition of the Spanish text of *Don Quixote*, printed by Constable, of Edinburgh. He says:

"Though the book was printed in Edinburgh with all taste and refinement possible, it is still distinguished by the splendid severity of the country which gave it birth. The strong headlines, the perfectly designed page, the strange capitals, just barbarous enough to suggest that their grandparents were cut in wood, suit their character to Spain, and produce no impression of an alien origin. Withal, the design is so simple as to convince the casual spectator that it was arrived at by a stern process of rejection. Much has been heard lately of 'artistic' printing, and many hapless experiments have been made. The faults of Caxton, faults which the master would have corrected himself, had not the means been lacking, have appeared virtues to the printing-presses of Hammersmith, and there has been a revival of the Gothic style in books, as costly and inapposite as the revival in architecture to which we owe the Houses of Parliament. The printer forgot that his books were intended to be held in the hand and deciphered by the eye; and forgetting this, he adorned their covers with troublesome ribbons, and defaced their pages with the heavy black type which afflicts the vision. Worse still, he

perplexed the text with repeated borders, and overlaid it with irrelevant designs, until the baffled reader could hardly distinguish between type and decoration. In fact, he produced not books, but bibelots, whose mannerisms were imitated from mediæval experiments, and whose costliness drove them from the library into the collector's cabinet. But the newest *Don Quixote* is free from parade and coxcombry: it is a book for the study, in spite of its elegance; and the first glance proves that it was designed not to illustrate a belated Gothicism, but to flatter the taste of all who admire fine literature appropriately set forth."

I have only to add that I have seen this noble volume (published by Mr. Nutt) and that I do not think the writer's praise of it is in the least overdone.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. S.

August 9, 1898.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU."

THE merit of a sequel is one of those things about which no two people thrown together by Providence seem to agree. They do but exchange surprise for surprise, and increase each other's self-esteem. In critics sequels always make for sapience, and the darkening of counsel.

The *Daily Chronicle*.

The *New York Critic*.

"*Rupert of Hentzau* suffers from all the drawbacks incidental to sequels. *The Prisoner of Zenda* was a justly successful novel; and, although its interest lay mainly in its record of stirring scenes and exciting episodes, it contained some very meritorious characterisation. Its conclusion, too, was the artistic, the necessary, conclusion. But the present story has some drawbacks given it by the author himself. . . . The narrator of *Rupert of Hentzau* has to tell of events and dramatic scenes at the enacting of which he himself was not present, he has to give us second-hand information, and that is always hurtful to the realisation of a tale; it gives an air of unreality to the thing. A story told in the first person should contain nothing that does not come within the direct personal cognisance of the teller. To say all this amounts to saying that *Rupert of Hentzau* is not nearly so good a story as *The Prisoner of Zenda*; and that is the melancholy fact."

"Successful sequels are few. But he has succeeded, and succeeded beyond all expectation. In fact, we like this story even better than *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which we liked very well indeed; moreover, we do not believe that this is merely an individual preference. It is due, indeed, to the simple and incontestable fact that *Rupert of Hentzau* is a more brilliant, if perhaps a somewhat less spontaneous, achievement than its interesting predecessor."

The Pall Mall Gazette.

"... We know that black care sits behind the sequel. Wonderland is not easily re-entered through the Looking-glass, and when our gay Musketier comes back in a captain's galoons he might ride beside the Master of Ravenswood, and each find the other heartsome company. For a curse is on the sequel to its hundredth thousand. . . . Our further familiarity with Mr. Rassendyl does not exactly breed contempt; yet it must be owned that our old sympathy does not grow. He goes about his new task sublimated to a less probable, less human figure. We miss the lightness, the delicacy, even the faults of the Rudolf we knew."

The Speaker.

"Among the many admirable qualities of that delightful story [*The Prisoner of Zenda*] its shortness and its completeness were not the least admirable."

The Daily Chronicle.

"In many stories, to see the end from the beginning detracts nothing from the interest; but in a story of this genre the end should have in it something of a surprise."

The Athenæum.

"The plots, stratagems, and intrigues, while always of the most ingenious character, never elude the reader's comprehension."

The Outlook.

"There is no disputing the fact that the characters are no mere *clichés*, but real human beings, and, what is more, the same human beings that we met in the earlier book."

The St. James's Gazette.

"When it was first announced that Mr. Anthony Hope was to give us a sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, certain critics disquieted themselves and him in vain. We had the usual talk about the deadliness of sequels, talk which usually ignores the good things we owe to sequels, the *Barataria* of the second Quixote, the *Marriage of Figaro*, the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, *Alic Through the Looking-Glass*, or *Tartarin on the Alps*."

The Daily Telegraph.

"There were, if the truth must be told, a good many threads left loose at the end of *The Prisoner of Zenda*."

The Daily Telegraph.

"Mr. Hope has added to his earlier skill and good fortune in devising the scheme of *The Prisoner of Zenda* by tracing out certain consequences of the original plot, some of which his admirers had already imagined for themselves, and are, therefore, all the more pleased to find authoritatively settled according to their intuition."

The Daily Chronicle.

"Some of the intrigue, too, is so very intricate, that we find ourselves turning back the pages to discover exactly where we are."

The Spectator.

"Truly, the romantic land of Ruritania is here peopled merely by ghosts. Rudolf Rassendyl is merely a voice . . . and, oh! the pitiful difference between the present Queen and the former Princess Flavia."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

* Week ending Thursday, August 11.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

FOREIGN CLASSICS: PETRARCH. By Henry Reeve. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1s.

SCIENCE.

RADIATION: AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ELECTROMAGNETIC RADIATION AND ON RÖNTGEN AND CATHODE RAYS. By H. H. Francis Hyndman, B. Sc. With a Preface by Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson, D.Sc. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.

THE SILVER LIBRARY: LIGHT SCIENCE FOR LEISURE HOURS. First Series. Fifth Edition. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

SILVER LIBRARY: FLOTSAM. By Henry Seton Merriman. HEART OF THE WORLD. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d. each.

EDUCATIONAL.

A GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH ISLES. By Lionel W. Lyde. A. & C. Black. 1s.

SELECTIONS FROM TAINE. Edited by Francis Storr. With an Introduction by C. Srolea. Blackie & Son.

WORK AND PLAY IN GIRLS' SCHOOLS. By Three Head Mistresses. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

LE MASQUE DE FER: EPISODE FROM "LE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE." By Alexandre Dumas. Adapted for use in schools by R. L. A. Pontet, M.A. Edward Arnold.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE SILVER LIBRARY: OCEANA; OR, ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES. By James Anthony Froude. Longmans, Green & Co.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO CANTERBURY AND THE WATERING PLACES OF KENT. Edited by E. D. Jordan. A. & C. Black. 1s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE BISHOPS OF LINDISFARNE, HEXHAM, CHESTER-LE-STREET, AND DURHAM. A.D. 635—1020. By George Miles. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE understand that a biography of Robert Louis Stevenson will be included in the "Famous Scots Series." It will be written Miss M. M. Black.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT announce that owing to delay in the preparation of the American edition, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new work, entitled *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, cannot be published till Wednesday next, August 17.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. will publish early in the coming autumn a reprint of one of the few books of travel which have endured for fifty years and still remain classics. This is the travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China of Messrs. Huc and Gabet in 1844 to 1846. This work has never been superseded, and it includes original observations upon the sciences of Comparative Religion, Ethnology, Geo-

graphy, and Natural History. The new edition will have some fifty engravings on wood, and will be in two volumes of about 700 pages in all.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Dalton's *English Army Lists and Commission Registers*, 1661-1714, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, will appear early in October. Special features of this volume, which brings the series down to the death of William III., are complete lists of nearly all the British infantry regiments which took part in the famous siege of Namur.

MR. W. W. GREENER, the author of several books on guns and shooting, has added publishing to his business of gun-making. He will shortly issue a book on South Africa, from the pen of Mr. G. Nicholson, a veteran settler, trader, and sportsman, with other books on sport and technical matters. Arrangements have also been made to publish a new novel by Mr. Wirt Gervase early in the autumn.

MESSRS. JACKSON'S publishers, of Brigg, have just issued a *Dictionary of Bird Notes*, with a glossary of popular local and old-fashioned synonyms of British birds, by Mr. Charles Louis Hett, of Spring Field, Brigg, Lincolnshire.

IN September Messrs. Warne will publish *The Boys of Fairmead*, by Mary C. Rowsell, with illustrations by Chris Hammond. *Honour Bright*, a tale of the childhood of Charles II., also by Miss Rowsell, will be published next month by Mr. Ernest Nister.

MR. JOHN LONG will publish in the early autumn a collection of Australian bush stories, under the title of *When the Mopoke Calls*. The author is Mr. William S. Walker, an Australian by birth, and nephew of "Rolf Boldrewood." The book will be copiously illustrated by Mr. Vedder.

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COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa, being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely flavoured powder—"Cocoaïne," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system. Sold only in labelled tins. If unable to obtain it of your tradesman, a tin will be sent post free for 9 stamps.—JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London.

THE CRITIC, of New York, AS A MAGAZINE.

WHEN it was announced that *The Critic*, of New York, was about to change its form to that of the leading magazines, and to appear once a month instead of once a week, there were many expressions of regret from the press and from old subscribers, who felt that they might lose a friend by the change. The editors of *The Critic* would have been disappointed if there had been no such expressions of regret. They would not have felt flattered if, after nearly eighteen years, their weekly visits had not been regretted. They have been more than pleased, however, to find that they have the confidence of the public and the press. Their old friends believe that the change would not have been made if it were not for the better, and they have tempered their words of regret with words of compliment and confidence, as the following extracts from the press will show. We expect next month to publish some compliments upon our performance as shown by the first number in the new form.

Advancing the Standard

"We admire the courage of the editors, and we welcome them to our side in a race which must yield benefit to all in quickening the pace, heightening the zest, and generally advancing the standard of literary journalism."—*The Bookman*.

Hands Across Sea

"I wish every success to the new magazine, which is sure to be very brightly and capably edited, but I shall miss my weekly and welcome visitor of many years."—Dr. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, in *The British Weekly*.

No Fear for the Favourite.

"Being of the many who have read and prized *The Critic* during its thirty-two volumes of weekly existence, we have no fear that the change to monthly form will weaken appreciation of the 'favourite literary journal,' but will rather strengthen it."—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

A Splendid Future.

"It has done splendid work in the past; it will not fail to do splendid work in the future."—*Toledo Blade*.

Old and Reliable.

"During nearly eighteen years of existence *The Critic* has maintained a high standard in the field of literary criticism, and its old friends will be glad to learn that its well-tried features are to be continued."

The New York Times.

Everything it Should Be.

"For years *The Critic* has maintained a high standard of excellence, and has proved itself pretty much everything that an American literary journal should be. In its new form it will make further advances."

Brooklyn Eagle.

A Good and Faithful Servant.

"We may expect it to give as good and profitable an account of itself in the future as in the past."

The Journalist, New York.

The Happy Mean.

"*The Critic* has been bright without being trivial, and learned without being dull. If it sustains its former standing it can hardly fail to be successful in its new venture."—*The Beacon, Boston*.

Swear Not at All.

"We shall expect to welcome *The Critic* most cordially in its new dress and form, albeit we dislike to lose its weekly visits. It is one of the few papers we have always been willing to swear by, but have never been tempted to swear at."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

"Guide, Counsellor, and Friend."

"Now that it is going to enlarge its size and its scope and be of even greater usefulness in these days of universal printing, the readers of books will give it a warmer welcome than they have ever done before. It is their guide, counsellor, and friend."—*Baltimore American*.

A Pleasure Deferred.

"There is one objection to the new departure of *The Critic*. In becoming a monthly it deprives the public of the pleasure of reading it once a week."—*The New York Press*.

Always the Favourite.

"The editors will be unsparing in their endeavours to make this the favourite literary monthly, as it has always been the favourite literary weekly."—*Fremont Journal*.

The Doom of the Cedar Pencil

The cedar pencil, it appears, has received its death-blow. We are so accustomed to regard it as one of the things which are a matter of course, that for many years no attempt was made to improve it, until the other day there appeared on the market something which so obviously excels the cedar pencil in every possible way that the extinction of the latter can only be a matter of time.

The Blaisdell Self-Sharpening Paper Pencil is of the same size and presents the same appearance as an ordinary pencil, the only difference is that the cedar-wood is replaced by tightly rolled paper, divided off into sections by little round marks down the side of the pencil. When the latter wants sharpening, all you have to do is to pick up the edge of the paper-covering with a pin, or the point of a knife, and unravel a section of it, until it breaks of itself, by which time a fresh piece of lead is exposed, and the pencil ready for continued use. The advantages of the Blaisdell Pencil are so obvious, that nobody who has ever seen it will ever use a cedar pencil again. To begin with, it lasts about three times as long as a cedar pencil, none of the lead being broken in cutting. Then the point is always perfectly conical—can't be otherwise: the fingers are not soiled with blacklead nor the place littered with chips in sharpening it, and the latter operation takes but five seconds to accomplish. The Blaisdell Paper Pencil is already being sold by many stationers; it costs twopence, which makes it much cheaper to use than any penny pencil on the market; and the lead is much better than any twopenny pencil ever sold. The blue and red Blaisdell Pencils (which cost 3d.) are even more superior to cedar ones than the black, because ordinary coloured pencils are more prone to break in sharpening. A set of specimens can be had (post free in the United Kingdom) for a shilling from the BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL COMPANY, Limited, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., on application.

Fountain Pens and Stylos:

The objections to them, and how they have been met.

Ceteris paribus everyone would rather use a fountain pen that carries its own ink, and can, therefore, be used anywhere and at any moment, in preference to an ordinary pen, which has to be dipped in the ink every minute or so.

But fountain pens have acquired a bad name from two or three general objections to them. "A fountain pen is all very well," people say, "but it has to be carried upright, otherwise the ink comes out in your pocket; in fact, the ink spills and makes a hideous mess on the smallest provocation. By way of compensation, when you want to write, the ink retires to the barrel (if it isn't all spilled into your pocket) and refuses to emerge until the pen has been shaken and thumped until it squirts out a blot on the carpet."

This used to be true; but the CAW PEN has met the difficulty. It does not have to be carried upright; it can be carried sideways, upside down, or in any position whatever. The ink cannot possibly spill, because it is in a hermetically closed chamber, screwed tight. There is *no air-hole*.

The pen can be jerked or thrown about as much as you please; it cannot spill. On the other hand, until the CAW PEN is opened for use the nib (which is a gold one of the finest quality) is immersed in the ink. Consequently it writes at once, without giving any trouble.

The CAW PEN is not merely the *only* fountain pen which anyone cares to use who has once seen it as a pocket pen, but it is so convenient for desk use that it supersedes all other pens whatever.

It is easily filled, and, having a wide mouth, does not clog with air bubbles during that operation. Prices from 12s. 6d.

"Caw pens have a repute beyond their neighbours."
Westminster Budget.

The objection to Stylographic Pens is that the point rarely suits the writer's hand, and cannot be adjusted.

The CAW STYLOGRAPHIC PEN can be adjusted in an instant. It has not all the advantages of the CAW FOUNTAIN PEN; but for people who prefer a stylo this is the best stylo on the market. Prices from 5s.

British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.